ERNESTUS BERCHTOLD;

OR,

THE MODERN ŒDIPUS.

A Tale.

But

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A Tale.

BY JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI, M.D.

" The gods are just —
But how can finite measure infinite?
Reason! alas, it does not know itself!
Yet man, vain man, would with this short-lin'd plummet
Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice.
Whatever is, is in its causes just,
Since all things are by fate, but purblind man
Sees but a part o' the basis, the nearest links
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above." DRYDEN'S ŒDIPUS.

Leila — each thought was only thine! —
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high — my all below.
Then deem it evil — what thou wilt —
But say, oh say, *her's* was not guilt. —
THE GIAOUR.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION.

The tale here presented to the public is the one I began at Coligny, when Frankenstein was planned, and when a noble author having determined to descend from his lofty range, gave up a few hours to a tale of terror, and wrote the fragment published at the end of Mazeppa.* Though I cannot boast of

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* The tale which lately appeared, and to which his lordship's name was wrongfully attached, was founded upon the ground-work upon which this fragment was to have been continued. Two

the horrible imagination of the one, or the elegant classical style of the latter, still I hope the reader will not throw mine

friends were to travel from England into Greece; while there, one of them should die, but before his death, should obtain from his friend an oath of secrecy with regard to his decease. Some short time after, the remaining traveller returning to his native country, should be startled at perceiving his former companion moving about in society, and should be horrified at finding that he made love to his former friend's sister. Upon this foundation I built the Vampyre, at the request of a lady, who denied the possibility of such a ground-work forming the outline of a tale which should bear the slightest appearance of probability. In the course of three mornings, I produced that tale, and left it with her. From thence it appears to have fallen into the hands of some person, who sent it to the Editor in such a way, as to leave it so doubtful from his words, whether it was his lordship's or not, that I found some difficulty in vindicating it to myself. These circumstances were stated in a letter sent to the Morning Chronicle three days after the publication of the tale, but in consequence of the publishers representing to me that they were compromised as well as myself, and that immediately they were certain it was mine,

away, because it is not equal to these. Whether the use I have made of supernatural agency, and the colouring I have given to the mind of Ernestus Berchtold, are original or not, I leave to the more erudite in novels and romances to declare. I am not conscious of having seen any where a prototype of either; yet I fear that whatever is original, is not always pleasing. Nor is this my only apprehension. A tale that rests upon improbabilities, must generally disgust a rational mind; I am therefore afraid that, though I have thrown the superior agency into the back ground as much as was in my power, still, that many readers will think the same moral, and the same colouring, might have been given to characters acting under the ordinary agencies

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that they themselves would wish to make the *amende honorable* to the public, I allowed them to recall the letter which had lain some days at the paper's office.

of life; I believe it, but I had agreed to write a supernatural tale, and that does not allow of a completely every-day narrative.

THE AUTHOR.



ERNESTUS BERCHTOLD.

PART FIRST.

Upon the left side of the lake of Thun lies the small village of Beatenberg, which, under the care of a simple pastor contains no individual above the rank of a peasant: it was in this village that I was born. Misfortune seemed to be anxious at my very birth to stamp me for its own. —Just at the termination of the short war between Austria and Prussia, of the year 1778, my mother arrived at this village in company with a gentleman severely wounded, as he said, in the slight skir-

mishes, which had alone formed the military display of this campaign. There was a mystery about them, which they seemed to wish should not be unravelled. The worthy pastor, therefore, whom I have since called father, did not make any inquiries of his guests, though it appeared to him very singular, that the most difficult and steep roads should have been preferred for the route of an invalid towards his home. The tender care of my mother towards this gentleman was exemplary; it seemed as if that courage and firmness, which was wanting in his breast, had taken refuge in her's. They were not Swiss, for the language they spoke was unknown to Berchtold the parish priest. They apparently understood German and French; but they said so very little, and that with such evident embarrassment, that nothing could be learnt from their conversation. There being no inn at the solitary Beatenberg, the pastor, with his usual kindness, on

hearing of the arrival of strangers at the close of the evening, had immediately waited on them to offer his services and house. They were to have been his guests, only for the night; but the fatigue of the journey again forced open the wound in the gentleman's side; determined, however, to proceed, he attempted to walk to the litter prepared for him; the exertion proved too great, he fell into my mother's arms, and almost instantly expired.

My mother was distracted; already far advanced in pregnancy, she fell upon the body, no longer capable of that firmness and resolution, which she had shown, when her companion's safety depended upon it. She listened to no one; but frantic, she sat by the dead body, alternately shedding tears, and bursting into a loud laugh. Berchtold urged those soothing doctrines of which he was minister, but in vain; he spoke in vain of another world, of future hope; none could like

him, soothe the pillow of the dying peasant, but here were miseries no hope could assuage. She at last fell exhausted upon the ground, she was conveyed to bed, and in a few hours I and a sister saw the light. But this did not allay her grief, she sunk into a silence that nothing could induce her to break; her eyes were fixed, and she at last died without a struggle. She was buried by him, whom Berchtold imagined, in spite of the disparity of his years, to have been her husband; and over their grave were placed those simple crosses, which you must have seen in the neighbouring church-yards. The pastor could not place any inscription upon their tomb, for he had been so engaged in attendance upon my mother, that he had not noticed the departure of her only servant, who took with him every thing of value belonging to his former mistress. He knew not what to do, there was no clue in his hands by which he could restore us to

our family; for there was nothing to be found, except some linen and a locket, with my mother's portrait.

Berchtold was a man whose humble endeavours had always been engaged in the attempt to fulfill those duties his profession imposed upon him. In these mountainous districts, the office of a parish priest is extremely arduous; he is often called up in the middle of the night, while the snow is falling, to go many miles over the frozen glaciers, to administer to the dying peasant the sacraments of the church. Berchtold never allowed the most distant hamlet to want religious comfort; he was old, yet often has he crossed to the foot of the Holgaut, merely to help the unfortunate in their attempt at resignation, under domestic calamity. He was not, therefore, likely to cast us from him; he immediately had us conveyed to the cottage of a married sister, and caused us to be brought up as luxuriously as an Alpine village allowed.

I remember little of my early years, it seems, that I have vague visions of an age, when were spent whole days in gathering flowers, to adorn my sister's head and breast, from the precipitous bank that descends to the lake, when, at night, I was lulled half trembling, to sleep by the tales of my foster-mother concerning ogres and spirits from the dead. But all this is indistinct. When about six years of age, I was removed to the house of Berchtold. He called me son, and if the tenderest care and the greatest sacrifices could entitle him to the name of father, which I gave him, it was not wrongfully bestowed. One of the first circumstances which I can remember, is that one day, while sitting with him upon a bank, near the church-yard, gazing on the scene around, and watching the white sails which gleamed upon the lake beneath our feet; I threw my arms around his neck, and asked him, "Why they called me orphan?" He told me that my

father and mother were dead. Retreating from him, I started, and trembling, asked him if he were then dead? He did not at first understand me; but upon my calling him by the name of father, he remembered that I had never heard the history of my birth. He took me to his breast, and weeping, told me, that I was indeed an orphan, that I was not his child. He then took me to the church-yard, and pointing to the raised sod, he told me my parents were there. I did not clearly understand him. I had then no idea of death; my mother, for so I called his sister, had told me tales of the dead, but these terrified without being understood. All the graves, save those of my parents, were adorned with flowers; upon my remarking this to him, he told me that they having died strangers there, none were bound to love them. I was hurt to see those flowers, which though faded, showed the attention of some living being, refused to my mother's tomb; it sunk deeply on my

mind. And for years after, I felt a vague pleasure in strewing their graves with the fresh flowers that formerly were employed in adorning my sister's head. Often have I laid myself down looking upon their grassy covering, as if I expected that some of those tales of my mother would be realised with regard to myself, and that I should see them rising from their grave. My sister soon joined me in these meditations, and almost the first infantile communications which passed between us, rested upon another world. She would sit by me, and often the worthy pastor surprised us, after the sun had set, calling to our memory those tales we had heard when with our foster mother.

We did not mingle with the other children of the village, for we delighted too much in each other's company; we spent hours together in talking about what had in a most unaccountable manner taken possession of our minds, or

else we gamboled around Berchtold. He, debarred by his religion from the enjoyment of a domestic circle of his own children, had formed so strong an attachment to us, that his greatest delight was, when not engaged in his parochial duties, to join us in our games and infantile occupations. With all the simplicity of old age, he would lie down and allow us to play with his white locks, or tell us stories, which, though of a different nature from those of his sister, did not interest us the less. He was a good classical scholar, and was well versed in the history of his own country. From these sources he drew his tales, and at an early age he inspired me with an ardent love for independence and liberty, at the same time that he instilled into my heart, a burning thirst for the means of asserting a superiority over my equals. The anecdotes of Themistocles, Alcibiades and others, upon whom the fates of their country had depended, rested

on my mind. Berchtold described to me the fallen glories of Rome, of that nation which once held sway over the known world. In short there was a material defect in my education, which is not uncommon, my imagination was stimulated, while my judgment was not called forth, and I was taught to admire public instead of private virtues. I rested upon those situations which one in the million attains, and in which the passions of others are to be guided, while I was not shown how to conduct myself, when my own inclinations and feelings might attempt to lead me astray in the common occurrences of life. With a strongly susceptible mind I imbibed deeply these first impressions, and throughout life this defect in my education has followed me. As I advanced in age, I gradually became acquainted with the Latin and Greek historians. Berchtold rashly, though innocently, took advantage of my thirst for relations of battles and deeds

of renown, to induce me to learn. I consequently had Plutarch and Livy in my hands, long before I read any book tending to give man the power of regulating his passions.

I joined the villagers only in those military exercises, which are constantly performed after the day' labour in every hamlet. Sometimes I would go with the chamois hunters, and reaching the higher ridges of the Alps, whose snowy summits were visible from the lake, I forced myself to follow him in his venturous pursuit. But it for a long time required a strong exertion of my mind to induce me to venture amidst the vast solitudes of eternal snows. I always felt an inward shuddering and awe at the sight of my native wildnesses. Even now I cannot bear to listen to those, who, amongst our magnificent scenes, which man has not yet overcome, and which mock his power, can talk of pleasure, and dwell upon the beauty of the scenery. I cannot

feel this. I seem always to crouch beneath some invisible being whose power is infinite, and which I am conscious I cannot resist. It seems that I hear him laughing audibly at our vain attempts to encroach upon his dominion. It appears to me as if the avalanche were but the weapon of his impatience, while he insidiously steals upon those habitations he has covered with his snows, by the silent, gradual approach of the glaciers. Let mankind labour for ages upon these ribs of the world, and their work shall not be seen. The pyramids might rise unnoticed upon the rocks before my view, undistinguished from the fragment that falls unperceived with the passing torrent. I cannot bear that human strength should be unable to stamp its hand upon these towering memorials of convulsions we could not influence, could not hope to controul. This morbid feeling may have been excited by my foster mother constantly

pointing to the Jungfrau, whose white peak forms so prominent a feature in the view from her house, while she related the peasant's tale of those mischievous spirits who dance upon its glittering icy coat, decked by the moon's ray. I gained, however, health and vigour from these excursions, and I became at last one of the most noted for activity in all the canton.

I rapidly arrived at my twentieth year. My kind friend the pastor could not be induced to part with me. I was the only prop of his old age, I latterly, always accompanied him in his visits amongst the mountains, often joined him in his prayer over the dying, and frequently have I supported him at the brink of that grave, over which he was calling down the mercy of God, and which was soon to be his own refuge. My sister increased in beauty, and each day added some new charm to her person, and some additional accomplishment to her mind.

I often represented to my father that I was of an age when I should begin to do something, and attempt to take the burthen of myself and my sister off his hands. He would agree with me in my arguments, but when the moment came, he was always so overpowered with sorrow, that I could not induce myself to leave him for the few remaining days he had to live.

I seldom visited Thun or Interlaken; I did not feel pleasure in the society of men. I there found them engaged in all the petty interests, which pervade human breasts in the narrow sphere of a miserable provincial town. I found they could not sympathise with one whom they looked upon as a wild romantic mountaineer. About this time the French revolution began to exalt my imagination even more than the history of nations gone by, and I burnt with the desire of viewing nearer those actions, which in our solitary village, echoing only a

softened sound of their horrors, seemed to wear a certain air of grandeur and glory. I ardently wished to join those soldiers who had driven back the foreign invaders from their native plains. I little thought then how soon I was to be engaged in resisting these very men, amidst my own native mountains.

When the discussions between Berne and the French concerning the Pays de Vaud arrested the attention of all, anxious to be amongst men in action, and tired of my total want of employment, I again begged my friend to let me depart to the capital; but still, at his prayer, I remained with him. I laid myself down upon the snow, shining as it then was in the first rays of spring, and abandoned myself to visions of battle and renown. My spirits gradually left me, there was a craving for exertion about me, which I found it impossible to overcome. I seized my gun, and going amidst the eternal glaciers and rocks, I sought by

forcing myself to exert my body, to lose this feeling of vacuity. But I often lost sight of the chamois, engaged in the thought of my country, and bounded from rock to rock, no longer occupied with what I imagined was before me. My sister would endeavour to sooth me by her caresses. I told her of my visions with regard to my country's cause, and at moments excited even in her breast the sparks of enthusiasm. But she generally echoed Berchtold's sentiments with regard to the indecision and incapacity of the government.

Tired one evening of listening to Berchtold, who attempted to repress my ardour, by representing to me that the country was betrayed, and that, in consequence of the tardiness and imbecility of the rulers of Switzerland, in spite of the courage and daring of its peasantry, it was doomed to become an easy prey to France, I left him determined again to seek refuge in the chase. I according-

ly set out the next morning, intending to remain several days amongst the mountains; but I grew listless, and at the close of the second day, I still found myself upon the Wengern Alp. I issued forth from the chalet where I had taken some refreshment, and soon lost myself in reflection. I now looked with pleasure upon the Jungfrau's white head, glistening on the blue canopy of heaven. All the horrors of the Grindewald at my feet, the high summit of the Schrechorn, with the echoing thunders of the numerous avalanches, no longer appalled me. It seemed as if they now put on their terrors against a presumptuous foe, in defence of their children. There was no cloud upon the dark blue sky; — there was no mist upon the rocks; and though the snow still covered the whole surface of the mountains around, still there was a genial warmth and splendour in the sun's reflected ray, that vivified and strengthened. There was no sound, save

that of the distant cataract, and falling avalanche. I stood a long time leaning upon my musket, to look upon this scene. How could avarice hope to find a resting place in the minds of those nursed amidst such objects? How could slavery expect to find its votaries resident amidst such fortresses? The tyrant could not dare to add these horrors of nature to those already revelling in his breast. A slave who shrinks before the frown of a despot, could not stand erect amidst these awful monuments of a power that mocks at human prowess. Upon this occasion, it seemed as if the sun threw its proudest ray upon these rocks; they had seen, might hope to see, men worthy of gazing upon that nature which, lifting unappalled its head amidst the thundering clouds, had snatched their weapon from their grasp, and had thrown it at its feet, while, with its snowy head, it struck in defiance the arching canopy of heaven. I was thus engaged in thought,

which but served to increase my indignation at the conduct of men, who sacrificed to personal interest the safety of their country, when I was suddenly struck with the sound of a voice, which I shall never, never forget. In unison with my feelings at that moment, the notes sometimes broke out into the wildest tones of defiance; at others, suddenly sinking, they seemed uncertain and soothing. I dared not look around; I felt as if entranced, and I imagined I heard the voice of these mountains, mocking the invaders, then sinking into despondence. Gradually the voice approached, — I could distinguish words. — I heard footsteps. I suddenly turned round, and beheld a figure; I cannot describe it to you. Arrayed in a dress foreign to these mountains, her white drapery, breathed on by the wanton breeze, now betrayed the delicate form of her limbs, — now hid them from my sight. Her dark eye seemed exultingly to

gaze upon my native rocks, while the wild notes of defiance played upon her lips. She suddenly saw me, and was silent. She looked around, as if for some one; and I then perceived, at a little distance, a man worn down more by grief than by age. I approached, and re-assured her. She blushed, and in that language which, in its very sound, breathes love, told me that she did not understand me. I could not answer; but, gazing on her, I seemed to be fascinated by her words. The old man approached, and we soon entered into conversation. I spoke Italian fluently; her surprize and pleasure cannot be painted, when she heard me address her father in her native language. I walked by her side, and I was often so lost in thought, that I was obliged to answer, by an unmeaning yes or no, the questions of the old man. Our conversation at last turned upon Switzerland; he seemed to be perfectly conversant with its situation. She entered

with enthusiasm into its cause, and asked me, why I was idling amidst these valleys, when my country called me to the post of danger. These simple words from her lips caused an emotion in my breast that drew the blood to my cheeks. She thought of me. I at once promised to join my countrymen to-morrow. She then told me, that orders had arrived at the neighbouring towns for an instant levy to join the army of D'Erlach, which it was expected would be immediately brought into action.

I was yet walking by her side, when we arrived at Lauter-brunnen. At the gate of a small cottage, after having asked me to take some refreshment, which I declined, they bade me farewell. There was a carriage waiting at the door. The thought rushed upon my mind that I might never see her again. I know not by what impulse, but, ignorant of the forms of the world, I summoned courage, at the moment of parting, to ask of her

a ribbond with which she was playing; that, as I said, I might wear it in remembrance of her who had made me decide upon joining the patriots. Blushing, she looked at her father, who smiled consent, and she bound round my arm the scarf which she had worn during the morning. I have often heard that song again; I have often seen that form; and many are the years I have worn that scarf: — they have been years of misery and grief. Memory has no moment to look back to between the present and that happy day. Yet, for such another moment of enthusiasm I would undergo all my miseries afresh. I revert to it as the Arab, in the midst of the rising sands, turns to his visions of the green speck upon the desert's sandy ocean; amidst dangers, that is his hope; in anguish, that is his refuge. That moment seemed to bestow upon me the happiness which my fancy had so long pictured in the future. But every moment since has

only served to weave closer round me the meshes of that net, which has shut me out from joy. I then, however, felt as if time no longer weighed upon me; and I was grieved, when arriving at my father's door, I found that the joys of hours had passed as those of a minute.

I found my sister in tears; Berchtold, with his grey locks hiding the hands covering his face. Hearing my footsteps, my aged father rose, and taking me in his arms, with tears in his eyes, he told me, that he could no longer take upon himself to hinder me from joining my countrymen in the sacred cause of independence. He bade me take leave of my sister, and, while my courage remained, to surmount the pang of bidding her farewell. He told me, that he had caused my sister to prepare every thing for a parting, which he feared was to be our last. He embraced me, and rushed out of the house. My sister's eyes, wet with tears, now turned upon me, anxious to show

the same resolution as my father had displayed, she hastened my departure. She gave me my gun and powder flask, — bound round my waist more than half the savings of Berchtold; and kissing me, bade me farewell. Bewildered by the rapidity of my different emotions, I hurried to the side of the lake, looked once more up the steep mountain, on the ascent of which Beatenberg raised its white cottages, and, turning the point of land which encroached upon the lake, I was soon wafted, in company with many others, towards the town of Thun. I did not heed the white sails hurrying along the blue rippling waves. I could not gaze upon the rich cultivated scenery of the lake. My mind was straying midst those wild glaciers, that once had been my horror, — which to-day had shewn me the unknown. Why does fate cause the approaches of misery to be decked with all the show of promised happiness? From this moment begins my eventful

history; till now I had only been in the hands of the foul fiends that have tormented me, as plastic clay, which they formed in that manner, best fitted to contain the miseries they were preparing to pour upon it. You may think I have rested too much upon my early years, which passed without action; but those years saw deposited in my breast the seeds which have brought me to the state of apathy and misery you witness. That vision has proved to me the harbinger of more woes than it promised pleasures, and that scarf, which you see is yet bound round my heart, has felt it beat more violently through anguish, than it did even through hope, at the moment it first encircled my arm. My life till now had passed in dreams. I had not known the rude blast of worldly interests; I had been unconscious of the activity of the bad passions, and had only viewed man in the shape of my foster-father, breaking by his presence the shackles of

grief that restrained the energies of his children, as the sun destroys the icy bonds that bind the vital powers of the spring. In the cause of charity and virtue, I had seen employed those powers and that activity which, exerted in a less degree, have often excited the admiration of the multitude, and concealed follies, nay, crimes, from even the philosopher in that halo of fame they bring around them. The earliest impressions, I received, were those from my foster-mother's tales, and they have not left me even at present; how much less, when but entering on manhood. I had so often gazed upon my mother's picture, which my sister wore round her neck from her earliest infancy, that, while sitting by her tomb, it seemed as if her image had haunted me in my sleep, for I frequently found myself arguing as if I had had actual proof of the existence of beings superior to ourselves.

The evening had closed before I arrived

at Thun. The town was crowded with the peasantry of the neighbouring mountains; there were fires throughout the streets, around which stood the aged and the boy, the mother and the virgin. They were all come to offer their arms in defence of their country. I approached the town-house; the door was crowded with petitioners, who were attempting to induce the sentinel to give them precedence in the enrolment of their names. I stood for some time watching the earnestness with which the aged laid hold of their very weakness and uselessness, as a reason why they should be preferred in the cause of death; while the young, elate with the hopes of youth, showing their sinewy limbs, appealed to their expectations of victory from their strength, as a reason why they should first be put upon the lists for battle. Their arms were more various than their ages; an iron wedge, sharpened and fastened to the end of a stick, served some as the

substitute for a hatchet; burnt stakes and the chamois hunter's rifle mingled with the scythe rounded into a sabre, and the sickle straightened to a sword. While thus silently gazing upon the scene, a magistrate, a friend of Berchtold, going to his post, recognized me, and approaching, led me through a private entrance into the council chamber. My proffered services were immediately accepted, and I was directly ordered to put myself at the head of those villagers, who could be found in the town belonging to Berchtold's parish, avoiding, however, as much as possible the burthening myself with the infirm and women. I received orders to reach Berne in the shortest possible time, and to depart with the earliest dawn. I went out into the streets, a great part of the peasants had retired under the arcades which are on each side of the streets of Thun; they there formed one promiscuous mass, in which it was impossible to distinguish between man and

woman. All was silent, save the dead sound of heavy footsteps and the hoarse voice of individuals like myself, treading amidst these sleepers, and calling out the name of that place, whose inhabitants they sought. The night was damp and dark, there was no light in the heavens, and often as I went, I stumbled over the body of some unseen person, who, uttering a note of impatience, again turned himself to sleep. Imitating the example of the others, I called out the name of Beatenberg at every step, and soon mustered almost the whole population of Berchtold's parish. I had a painful task, the old pointed to their children, and with tears in their aged eyes, asked me if I intended to hinder them from setting the example to their children, of dying for their native soil. The women, pointing to their lovers, would take no refusal; they seemed determined to witness their conduct on the day of battle, and see if they were worthy of the love they claimed. I spoke

separately to the young men, and advised them to steal from their companions and meet me at a certain hour about a mile from the town.

They retired to rest, and I laid myself down in the street to sleep; I was soon lost to all external objects, and I again saw hovering at my side, her, who had seemed in the morning but a vision. She smiled upon me, again urged me by those words; — but suddenly it seemed as if the earth parted between us, and a huge chasm opened at my feet; we seemed to stretch our hands towards each other; I threw myself into the gulph, and awoke. Finding it but a dream, I again attempted to compose myself to sleep, but in vain; her image still stood before me, and the moment I rested upon it, the idea of my orphan state and her apparent affluence startled me. I had not asked her name. I knew nothing of her; her form, her face, her voice, and her words already began to appear to my memory as the recollections of an un-

substantial, supernatural vision; but at this moment my hand fell upon the scarf, which I had now bound round my chest. The touch roused me from my painful reveries, and hope pervaded my breast. I started from the ground convinced that she did exist, I fell upon my knees, and uttered aloud a prayer to the Divinity to make me worthy of her. Hardly had the words passed my lips, when a loud hoarse laugh sounded on my ear. It was but a drunkard laughing at some wild imagination of his own; but it made me shudder. I left the town; a heavy thick rain was falling, there was no wind, nothing seemed stirring, the shape of the distant mountains could be perceived by the white mass they presented on the dark canopy of night; every thing else was of one dead hue. I leant myself against the trunk of an old tree, and the dawn had, unperceived by me, risen in the east, when I found myself roused by the salutations of many of my comrades.

I had in vain attempted to dissuade the old and the women from joining us; they were all with us at the appointed hour. I again as fruitlessly endeavoured to show them the embarrassment they would prove to our march; they would not listen, and I gave orders for the men to proceed. In consequence of the exercise the peasants had been accustomed to in their native villages, I found no difficulty in forming them into something like a regular body. Towards night, as I had purposely pressed the march throughout the day, I was glad to perceive that the number of the old and infirm had much diminished. Next morning I again proceeded; it was with great difficulty that I could restrain myself and comrades from stopping to assist the women and old men who fell by the road-side through actual weakness and fatigue. Their cries imploring assistance from lovers; from sons, were heart-rending. I shut my ears and dared not listen. The nearer I approached Berne, the more

deserted I found the country, all had flocked to the town or to the posts of danger. At last, with a body of two hundred men, not even yet entirely deserted by the women, I entered the capital. I read dismay and horror upon every face, even the peasantry, which here, as at Thun, crowded the streets, were silent; there were no signs of enthusiasm, but the glance of suspicion fell from every eye. Just as we were approaching the great place, we met a party of soldiers with their bayonets wet with blood. They seemed with hasty steps to be hurrying from a spot that brought something horrible to their mind. They did not speak, but we soon learnt that they were the murderers of Stetter and Ryhiner. They washed the blood of their countrymen from their weapons in the blood of their invaders, and at last bathed them with their own. Posterity may then spare their names the brand of infamy, for a momentary fit of rage against those they imagined traitors to their country.

We were ordered immediately upon our arrival to reinforce the army at Frauenbrunnen, and were joined upon our departure by other militias, and by the venerable Steiguer, who had just thrown up the insignia of civil office in the determination of dying for his country. We arrived at a critical moment, the French having an advantage in cavalry and artillery, which the Swiss could not resist, were upon the point of surrounding the small army, the only impediment in their road to Berne. Steiguer immediately perceived the danger; ordering us to follow, he rushed forwards, and attacked the troops which, having already passed the right flank of General d'Erlach, were upon the point of gaining the road on his rear. The combat was obstinate, our chief attack was upon the artillery, with which the enemy was attempting to cross the road. Our women did not shrink, they rushed forward, threw themselves upon the wheels of the guns, and allowed

themselves to be hewn to pieces ere they would quit their hold.

The army under D'Erlach had in the meantime began its retreat to Grauholtz. We found ourselves surrounded and engaged amidst the very carriages of our enemy's guns, which we had taken. By great exertions at last we formed ourselves again into a compact body, and suddenly, as if by one impulse, falling upon our knees, we offered a prayer to the God of battle. The enemy thinking we were about to throw down our arms, checked themselves for a moment; we arose; the officers placed themselves at the head of the column, which set up a loud shout, ran upon the foe, and bearing all opposition down, soon reached Urteren, where we made a momentary stand, and then reached Grauholtz.

The troops were immediately employed in raising an abbatis in front. While the men were thus engaged, Erlach and Steiguer met; at the instigation of the latter, the general came

forward, and thanked my troop for the intrepidity it had shown during the whole combat. I was particularly noticed by them, and received from the aged general a medal he wore round his neck, as a token of his country's gratitude. "I have seen," he said, "the sun rise to-day upon freemen; I shall not see it set upon my countrymen. Our country is lost; it cannot thank its sons; let me, therefore, who have directed its last efforts for freedom, acknowledge the few hours' respite you have obtained to its fate, by presenting you with this mark of honour, which I obtained from a free nation." The loud roar of cannon burst upon our ears; he left me. I stood for a moment still; in one hand I held the medal, with the other I pressed the scarf of my unknown friend closer to my heart. Again we fought, but again their numbers enabled them to turn our flank, and, in spite of the strength of our position, we were obliged to retreat. One more

struggle at the gates of Berne, and all was lost. The slaughter was horrible. Determined to sell my life as dear as I could, I rushed into the thickest of the fight; but my peasants followed me; they snatched me from danger, and bore me struggling through the town. I reproached them with having deprived me of an honourable death; one approached with aged steps; looking me in the face, he merely mentioned the name of Berchtold. I understood him; and, leaving Berne, we turned our steps towards Thun.

Unfortunately, the slaughter by the enemy's sword was not the only horror that attended the dispersion of our troops. The peasants and soldiers never, in their legendary tales, having heard of a defeat accompanied by a retreat, on their native soil, imputed the whole to the treachery of their officers. The French had from the very beginning spread papers to this purport amongst them. As we pro-

ceeded, we therefore found the bodies of many of their officers hacked to pieces by the infuriate stragglers. Upon our arrival at Musingen, we found General d'Erlach in the hands of some of these men, who had determined to convey him to Berne. With him was his wife, who had accompanied him in his flight, and a young officer, whom I had remarked earnestly engaged in looking at my scarf, at the moment I was receiving the general's thanks at Grauholtz. I remonstrated with the soldiers, but in vain. I gradually, however, contrived to approach the general, and, when I thought myself sufficiently near to shield him, drawing my sword, I called upon the Beatenbergers to assist me, and instantly attacked them. The young officer, possessing himself in the struggle of a sword, was soon by my side. The peasants joined us; we drove the soldiers through the village; but in the meanwhile some stragglers issued from the houses, and striking the defence-

less old man with their hatchets, left him for dead in the arms of his wife. When I returned, I found him apparently reviving through her care; it was only for a moment, he could not speak; it appeared, however, as if he recognised me, for he pressed my hand, and turned his closing eyes, first on his wife, then towards me. Thinking he recommended her to my care, I promised that I would protect her to the utmost of my power; his eye glistened, and he expired.

At this moment I again heard the cries of the soldiers. As there was an unfrequented path over the mountains from this place towards Hoestetten, whence the young officer might easily get to Lucerne, I advised him to pursue it, and get immediately out of the canton of Berne. We parted. Gathering my peasants together, I directly set off with Madame Erlach in the cart towards Thun. She did not shriek or weep, she

seemed stupified by the greatness of her loss, and, when arrived at the city, she without difficulty allowed herself to be taken from the body, and to be conveyed in a boat to Berchtold's, whence she retired in a short time to complete solitude, where she saw no one, and soon after died.

I cannot paint to you the joy of Berchtold when he once more held me within his arms. My sister's tears flowed now as profusely as at our parting, but from a different cause. I had only been away a few days, yet the crowded events that took place in that short period made it appear as many weeks. The first spot I sought with my sister was my mother's grave. There I sat with her silently engaged in thought; after some time we began to converse, and as I had nothing hidden from her, I soon told the whole of my history from the morning of that day on which I had seen the unknown. She seemed disturbed, and

upon my pressing her to explain to me what passed in her breast, she advised me to beware, for that it was probably one of the spirits of the Jungfrau's eternal frosts that had accosted me. I laughed at what I deemed her folly; but I soon perceived that there was something more on her mind than she was willing to confess. In vain I besought her to disclose it to me; she told me she durst not, and asked me as a favour not to speak to her any more on this subject. Alarmed, I knew not why, I looked at her with earnest attention. She could no longer bear it, but throwing herself into my arms, informed me that while I was away she had seen our mother, who had appeared to her, arrayed in mourning, announcing, that I was in the greatest danger, and that she must guard me, but that unless she wished to share my peril, she must conceal it from me. "Ernestus," my sister said, "I cannot obey, let your fate be

mine, and I am content." Saying this, she again pressed me to her bosom, and wept. I was moved, I sat down by her side; bound in each other's arms, we gazed upon the green sod in silence, unwilling to disturb those thoughts which we know must be the same in the breasts of both.

Anxious to learn some tidings concerning the fate of my native country, I went every day to Thun. My indignation was excited by the recital of the cruelties and extortions of the French, and, when they dared to attempt disarming the inhabitants, determined not to submit to so base an insult, I was proscribed, and sought refuge amongst those mountains which had been the scenes of my prowess in the chase. I went and sat whole days by the rocks in the Wengern Alp, where I first saw that form which has since engrossed the whole of my thoughts. I made enquiries at Lauterbrunnen concerning the two strangers, but ineffec-

tually; they had merely been there as other travellers, to view the sublime scenery of the mountains, and had not been heard of since. I remained a whole month amidst these rocks, only going to Beatenberg at night, when Berchtold and my sister would receive me, and supplying me with provisions for the ensuing days, tell me of all the insults that added to the shame of Switzerland. But at last they showed me the proclamation of Schwarenberg against the six eastern cantons. I immediately announced my determination to join them. Berchtold said nothing; my sister followed me out of the house, and begged to be permitted to accompany me. I refused, and upon her reminding me of her dream, told her, that, as it promised she should share my peril, it would prove impossible for me to go into any real danger without her, that therefore she need not follow me, or, if the fates decreed it, we should meet at that moment without any endeavours on

our part to assist their fiat. I painted to her the horrors of the exterminating warfare that was carried on, and asserted that it was most likely not the peril of the sword in which she was to partake. In short, I forced her to promise me not to follow, by representing to her the misery Berchtold would undergo, if at once deprived of both of his adopted children. I led her back to the door, and left her in his arms.

It is useless for me to give you an account of this campaign. It is recorded in history with even all the unsuccessful struggles for liberty, as one of those gleamings of that noble spirit in men, which, though generally hidden under the pressure of vice and corruption, at times bursts forth like the volcano's fire. I was taken prisoner, and could find no means of escaping, till the French, towards the end of June, after the restoration of Rapipat, became more lenient in their treatment of their prisoners, and less care-

ful in their watch over them. I once more joined the Underwalders, and was again witness to the defeat of my countrymen. I met the young officer I had saved from slaughter at Musingen. His name was Olivieri. We had no time for intercourse, always in action or on the march, we only saw one another in the field, where we often joined and tried to vie with each other in acts of daring and courage. We became at last noted in the army, and though only volunteers, we each soon found ourselves at the head of about ninety men, who always were ready to obey our commands.

In the midst of our struggles in the Underwald, intelligence reached us of an insurrection having taken place in the upper Valais; it was deemed necessary by the leaders of our army to send them assistance, and thus cause a diversion in our favour. They proposed that one hundred men should be given to each of us, and that with this force we should be

sent to aid the Valisians in their attempt. It was a hazardous undertaking, we had to cross upon the flanks of the enemy, and should be obliged, it was supposed, to pass through the Grimsel, which was in the possession of the French. When it was proposed, no one was found to volunteer; no Underwalder would leave his home in the hour of danger. I had however remarked a number of Schweitzers, who had joined us singly, having left their dwellings, though not countenanced by their countrymen who were ranged on the other side, to partake in the dangers of the patriotic Underwalders. To these men we applied, and in a short time, two hundred men were selected. We kept almost upon the summit of the high ridge that joins the Furca from the Lake of Lucerne, and crossing the glaciers by rocks, that even in the chase of the chamois would have startled me, we arrived at Realp, and soon crossed into the Valais. At Obergesteln we learnt that

some French troops had that very night crossed from the Grimsel, while the whole body of peasants were engaged in the lower part of the valley, amidst the fastnesses attempting to stop that force which was advancing by the bridge of Hochflue. They had committed great outrages, and had caused those, who were able, to fly behind the glaciers of the Rhone.

Our undertaking now seemed desperate. The number of the French in the rear of our allies was greater than ours, and the end of the Valais through which we were to advance was flat and open, without any shelter, surrounded by steep mountains. Olivieri was however before me, we had each one hundred chosen men, and he seemed resolved on advancing. Not knowing how to procure intelligence of the enemy, I immediately offered to advance by myself and reconnoitre. As I well knew every part of this valley, I was certainly the fittest

person in our body for such an undertaking; but my companion would not hear of ceding the post of danger to me; we were obliged to draw lots, and it fell upon him, and he departed.

In the mean time the women, hearing of our arrival, came from their fastnesses, and joined us. They seized upon every thing which offered the semblance of a weapon, and resolved to follow us. As my companion did not return as soon as I expected, fearful of a surprise, I determined to advance, and, if possible, gain some of the passes before the enemy knew of our arrival. I, however, previously sent forward a young woman, to see if she could obtain any intelligence of Olivieri. I then ordered the men to follow in silence, and marching all the evening, we at last, towards night, reached the village of Blizingen, where the valley straightens, and becomes more inclosed and rocky. The river here runs through a deeply-cut channel, more resembling

a ravine, than a common bed. As I knew there was but one path, and that very steep and dangerous, I ordered my men to rest upon their arms, while I went along the river's channel to learn something concerning the enemy, who I thought could not have advanced much farther. At last, being arrived opposite the village of Vietsch, I heard a great noise, and saw many lights; making no doubt but that these proceeded from the point where the enemy was stationed, I returned. I found my men asleep; arousing them I ascended at their head the steep sides of the mountain, and making them march parallel with the path, but much higher, I brought them above the village, and hid them in a wood of pines that stretches along the steep. I now no longer feared the superior numbers of the enemy, the ascent was so precipitous that we could not be attacked, except to great disadvantage, while we could either join

the Valisians, or fall upon the foe with every prospect of victory.

I determined once more to go and discover their exact position, giving the word that if I thought it a fit moment for an attack, I would fire my gun, and then sound my hunting horn, so that no mistake could occur from the firing of any drunken soldiers or guard. Wrapt up in my mantle I descended from the wood, and found the men lying securely asleep in the road between the houses. They were certainly all there; anxious to know something concerning my companion, I resolved, in spite of the risk, to awaken some straggler, and learn from him if any prisoner was amongst them. I accordingly approached one who, stretched along the edge of a precipice over the river, was sunk in a sleep that seemed that of the innocent. Putting my pistol to his breast, I awoke him. Alarmed, he was upon the point of calling out, when I threatened him with instant death. To my inquiries

he answered, that a person had been surprized by some stragglers in the course of the day, and he added that he was then lying bound in a cottage in the very centre of the village, destined to be in the morning a but for their muskets. It did not appear that his having been found armed had excited suspicion, as he was taken for a common peasant. Determined to save Olivieri, I knew not what to do with this sleeper, to shoot him would alarm the enemy, they might immediately dispatch my friend, and yet I could not leave this man to raise his comrades. I pushed him down the precipice, and directly entered the village. All were asleep, I found the cottage, there was a light in the window. I stole close to it, wrapping myself up in my mantle. I looked in; you may imagine my alarm when I saw two soldiers awake in conversation, while my friend, upon his back, was bound to a bench fastened to the floor. There were several soldiers at my

feet, with their arms by their sides, a sudden thought struck me, I seized one of their guns and firing it, I instantly retreated to the other side of the cottage, where I had remarked a window close to the fatal bench. As I expected, the two soldiers went out to inquire about the report which they had heard; I took advantage of the few moments, leapt into the room by the window, roused Olivieri, who gazed upon me expecting death; I made a sign for silence, cut his bonds, and was again out of the cottage with my companion, when I heard the door open to admit the two soldiers. We hastened up the ascent, and when, amidst the rocks I fired my own fowling piece, and blew a national air upon my horn. Before the enemy, alarmed by the two soldiers, who missed their prisoner, could form, we were amongst them, and morn had hardly dawned before we had cut to pieces the whole of this detachment. I could have induced the men to give quarter, but the

women were outrageous, they followed our soldiers, and dispatched the wounded, whom their more merciful companions had spared, while they excited the Schweitzers to slaughter even those who threw up their arms; none were saved. The Valisians who were making head against this body, hearing the report of so many guns, did not know what to believe; they however approached, and when they heard the Swiss war cry of liberty, they immediately joined us. Their joy cannot be expressed by words; Olivieri and myself had in the mean time met, and his thanks were profuse; but what was my sorrow to find that the young woman had been seized and bayoneted in cold blood, because she would not acknowledge the right of the French to a superiority over her nation; she had pretended not to know my companion, and thus avoided betraying us, by not being confronted with him.

We had gained a victory, but it only

served to delay the subjection of this noble peasantry; they were obliged to come at last to a capitulation. We could not be included in it; the French asserted that the Schweitzers were deserters. We therefore determined to attempt once more a passage over the most unfrequented Alps. To avoid the Grimsel, where the French might pass to interrupt our passage, we crossed at once into the valley of Formazza. Hidden in the day amidst the woods, or upon the tops of precipices, my few companions, for our numbers had been greatly diminished, journeyed in the night by a circuitous route into the Vadi Bedretto, and thence over the St. Gothard by the path we had come, towards the valley of Stantz. We had there expected to find our former companions yet struggling for life, if not for victory. We entered the valley, there was no living creature to be found, there was a silence unbroken by any sound of human labour, the hoarse ravens fluttered

above us, as if they thought we also came to spread their banquet. We could find no one to guide us, no one even to tell us of our misfortune. Our imaginations pictured sufficient. The villages were burnt, the cattle lay slaughtered on the field, it seemed as if death, with one sweep of his scythe, had cut off the life of all. Creeping along the sides of the mountains, we approached Stantz, we expected to find the destroyers there; but when we were in sight, there was no town appearing. We found but sixteen straggling houses yet standing, all the rest were burnt; these also bore the Frenchmen's mark, they were billetted. We looked at one another in silence. The birds of prey were not disturbed by our presence, they continued feeding on the dead. While walking amidst these ruins, I at last heard the sound of a voice, it was the cry of sorrow. A mother had found words to call on heaven for strength to bear her individual grief, heedless of her

country's death. I saw her amidst these ruins, her hands were tearing up the soil to give the last refuge her country could afford to her child, — a grave. She did not at first perceive me, when she did, her hand worked doubly quick, while, with her eyes fixed upon the corpse, her hurried lips uttered, "hold your hand, hold your hand for a moment, I shall soon be ready to follow." I dug her son's grave, and left her striking the sod as if she repented of having resigned the body to the earth.

We assembled our few remaining companions, Olivieri and myself addressed them, we advised them to separate and seek singly a refuge in their homes. While yet speaking one of them brought before us a man, who seemed to have risen from the grave. His grey locks, thinly scattered on his head, were entangled, his eyes were sunk so deep within their sockets, that their lustre seemed the last glimmering of life before it sinks.

He had sought death from the foes, and they, in mockery, had bade him live. They had fastened him to a table in the open air, with several days' provision within his reach, and had placed before his sight the corpses of his aged wife, his children, and grandchildren, all marked with the wanton infliction of their barbarous cruelty, not even excelled by the voracity of the vulture or beasts of prey. This wretched being told us that the Schweitzers had troops placed the whole length of the other side of the lake, to hinder the fugitives from this valley escaping. Upon this intelligence our men became dejected; the thoughts of dying ingloriously by the hands of their treacherous countrymen, weighed upon their mind. They spoke some time amongst themselves, and then begged of us not to desert them, assuring us that if we enabled them to reach the upper part of Schweitz unbroken, they then could disperse to their families without danger.

We could not refuse them. We ordered them to go along the shore, and see if they could find any boats; they soon got together more than enough to convey us over. But they had been observed by an individual, who had immediately put off in his skiff, and crossed to the other side. This rendered greater caution necessary, as he would undoubtedly inform the enemy of our neighbourhood. We offered to take the old man with us; he refused; determined, not even in ruin, to desert those spots which had seen his birth, and infancy, and manhood, he returned to the bodies of his children, threw himself upon them, apparently resolved to breathe his last sigh in defending these mangled remnants from further insult: all that we could do was to lay a fresh stock of provisions by his side.

Hoping to find the enemy unprepared, upon some point or other, we immediately entered our boats. They however watch-

ed us, and at the moment of our landing, appeared before us in a body so numerous, that it seemed impossible to escape. We formed our men in the very water into a wedge, and taking a gun and bayonet ourselves, we led them against the foes, determined either to cut our way through, or to fall upon the field of battle. After repeated charges we at last succeeded, but our numbers were reduced to fifty, and several were wounded. We mustered upon the very spot where the liberty of Switzerland had been sworn to by the three patriots; it was the valley of Brunnen. Fortunately the Schweitzers did not pursue us. Travelling night and day, we at last gained the higher parts of the canton, whence my companions came. We separated, and it was a proud moment when they brought their wives and children to thank us as the preservers of their husbands and fathers. Olivieri and myself were now alone amongst the mountains, as a reward was set

upon our heads, and as we here depended entirely upon the fidelity of many who had shunned our cause, we determined to depart and seek some other refuge. My friend knew not where to go, being ignorant, as he said, where his family was; he having left it privately, while travelling, to join the Swiss. He however determined to go into the Austrian dominions, and there seek for information. We parted with mutual protestations of friendship, and a promise from him of letting me know by means of Berchtold, when he had found safety. We had had little communication; I therefore scarcely knew more than that Olivieri was not his family name, and that he was an Italian. I had often remarked his eyes to be fixed upon my scarf, but his delicacy preventing him from speaking upon a subject, he perceived I was not willing to converse on, was the cause of our parting without further communication. He was indeed the brother of that object, which

had never deserted my thoughts, which, sleeping and waking, my lips had often called upon. No night passed, though dangers surrounded me on every side, without her image rising to cheer for a moment my wearied heart; but the dreams always ended unhappily. It seemed as if the fates were determined to embitter even those moments, in which I was engaged in a noble cause, thus to prepare my mind for those pangs which follow guilt. You may think I rest too much upon these instants of my life; but I dread to narrate my miseries; the recalling to memory anguish and grief racks my heart; but I have begun, and you shall hear the whole.

Knowing the country well, and being acquainted with every pass, I found no difficulty in reaching the neighbourhood of Beatenberg, and I was soon locked in my sister's arms. Berchtold and Julia's anxiety about me had been great, they had heard by report of my being in

action, and had seen in the papers the immense reward offered for my person. Seeing me safe they could not contain their joy; but morning came, and I was obliged to depart into the mountains, for who could be trusted? Treachery and avarice had proved at last the master passions in many breasts, though they had at first worn the mask of the noblest virtues. Promising to be back at night, I flew to the Wengern Alp, and there again visited the spot, which now began to appear sacred to my mind. At night I returned to the pastor's cottage; I only found my sister there, he was gone to Thun. Leaving the house, Julia led me to our mother's grave, and again begged of me to be cautious, for constantly while I had been absent the same admonition had been given. It did not seem to her to relate to a personal danger; it was a vague threat, that seemed the more terrific, because it could not be decidedly represented to the mind. She then beg-

ged of me to relate the dangers I had undergone; I gave her a minute account of the whole.

Amongst other things which she mentioned to me, was the arrival of a stranger, who had taken up his abode at Interlaken, and who excited the wonder of his neighbours by the account his servants gave of his riches, and by their intimation of his having communication with an evil spirit. The source of his riches was unknown. Many were the tales related concerning him, and if but half were true, she said, he must certainly be possessed of a wonderful power. He was old and apparently wretched. His only daughter accompanied him, her beauty was as much the subject of conversation, as the riches of her father. These were the only rumours my sister had heard, for they had only arrived a few days before. I wish that I had never known more. I did not laugh at the idea of the supernatural part of the report. We were both too strongly

imbued with the tales of our foster-mother not to attach some credit to them. My sister's dreams, in which our mother visited her, my own which always portended misfortune, had enforced upon our minds the belief of the interference of superior beings.

For several nights I returned, but Berchtold was yet, as we imagined, at Thun. My sister and myself left entirely to ourselves, again talked over the feats of Olivieri, and she often asked me to repeat them, seeming with pleasure to rest upon every circumstance regarding him. Foolishly, I also took a pleasure in relating them, for though we had been constantly rivals, there was a frankness, a heedless daring about him, that excited admiration, at the same time, that the warmth of his expressions called forth a reciprocal feeling of love. I knew not then how to discover the sting protruding from the rich scales of the snake. We conversed upon our mother, and my

enquiries were numerous about her person, her voice. I cannot explain it, but I wished even from Julia's dreams to aid the representation I had formed from her portrait of a being, who seemed even after life, to feel an interest in my fate. In the locket, there was a melancholy look about her dark blue eyes, that was rendered heavenly, by the soft smile playing upon her open lip. I had gazed upon it so often, that I had her image before me, even when far from home, but it was only distinct in the face, which appeared to be gazing on heaven, with the consciousness of having obtained a prayer for me. Since my sister's dreams, it seemed as if I knew a mother's care, and I often sighed, to think, that though thus thoughtful of me even in heaven, she did not think me worthy of enjoying her smile.

One morning I left my sister, and retired to the wild borders of the Brientz lake. The sun rose, and with its glittering ray painted on the water, the reflect-

ed images of the wild rocks upon the other side. There is a point which juts into the lake, and on it are the ruins of an old church; I did not feel inclined to exert myself to reach a more distant spot, but I laid myself down by an arching gateway, round which the ivy clustered, as if by its tenacious grasp, it would hold together the monuments of another age, upon which the breath of time was acting with a destructive power, unheeded by man. I seemed to feel this breath of time acting upon me as upon these works of man, the wild joys of youth seemed sunk into the melancholy uniform feeling attendant upon age, when all joy is passed, all hope extinguished by the consciousness of the presence of death. I gazed upon the mists as they rolled slowly along the hills, veiling successively the various beauties of the banks, and watched the cloud's shadow, depriving the lake of its glittering sheen. I rested upon their passing powers, but did not notice, that the glow of

of the bright sun invariably returned upon the spots, before darkened by a shadow. The peasants' barge, and the light skiff, passed rapidly before me, but unheeded they passed in silence, for it appeared, as if, even they sympathized in my grief. It was mid-day, I rose to shelter myself from the sun's ray, and sought that side of the point towards Interlaken. There was a small light skiff upon the water, and in it was a female figure. It was at some distance, it gradually approached; my heart flutttered, my breathing became difficult, my eyes were fixed upon a form I seemed to recognise. Her face was not lit up, as I had seen it, by all the fire of her indignant eye; carried along by her small latin sail, she approached. Her eye was gazing upon the rippling wave, cut by her prow, it seemed as if joy did not dwell there, her eye-lash veiled its splendour, while her black locks curling on the breeze, floated playfully around. Her breast at times would heave as if the sor-

row in her bosom was loath to grieve her, but she seemed unwilling it should go, for she rested upon it. I stood intently gazing, it seemed as if my least motion would have at once destroyed an illusion. The current brought her heedless close to the shore, and the boat struck the bank; she looked around and saw me. It was plain she recognised me, for her eyes fixed upon her scarf. To paint to you, the varying expressions of that eye, and the varied colour of that cheek, is impossible. With slow hesitating steps she approached, our eyes did not dare to meet, and I stood by her for some moments in silence; at last with a trembling voice, she asked me if my name were not Ernestus Berchtold? "If you own that name, fly instantly, you have been betrayed, and the blood-suckers are already, at Interlaken upon their way to Berchtold, do not go there to-night." I could hardly acknowledge my name, I was so moved by her voice; she offered to convey me to the

other side of the lake, if I thought myself safer there. Unconscious of what I was doing, I entered her boat, and taking the oars, tried by violent exertions to rouse myself; we did not speak; when upon the other side, I landed. Farewell fell from her lips, and it seemed as if the echoes mocking me, repeated farewell. I stood still, watching her as entering the current of the Aar, she was gradually borne down towards Interlaken; even when she had passed the bridge, I gazed, and seemed to see a white speck, that I imagined was her.

I turned away, and towards evening found myself upon the same spot on which I had first seen her. Again, she had appeared. At first, she had guided me into the path of honour, this day she ensured my safety. Was she then a vision? I asked myself. Was it my guardian angel, who invested that form? I did not think of pursuing my route to any place of greater safety, it seemed as if this spot

where my protector had appeared, was secure, I laid me down beneath the rock, that had witnessed her presence, and offering up a prayer to heaven, I gave way to all the visions my imagination offered. She had recognised me, she knew my name, my rank; and still felt an interest in my safety. If you have ever known, what it is to be in love, you may judge what my feelings were, if not, my words are useless. I hardly slept the whole night

Next day I roamed restless over the Alpine heights around; I did not heed the horrors or the beauties of these solitudes. The cataract fell by my side, and yet I heard it not, wherever the valley wound, thither I followed; but as evening threw its stillness over nature, ere the light canopy of heaven was darkened, I found myself upon the covered bridge of Interlaken, I had forgotten my danger. The open spaces between the beams supporting the roof, enabled me to see the dif-

ferent houses which skirt the river's side. Mine eyes however gazed upon that one, in which I had heard, the new inhabitants of this neighbourhood had taken up their abode. I had imagined my unknown was the beautiful daughter I had heard of from my sister; and I had not long been upon my station, when I saw her come forth, supporting upon her arm the feeble steps of the old man I had seen with her upon the Wengern Alp. Her eyes, fixed upon his languid face, seemed anxiously to be watching the features of her invalid father. There was a bush not far from the door beneath the wide-spreading canopy of a lofty elm; she placed him there, and I saw reflected on her face, the smile which beamed upon the old man's, as he gazed upon the setting sun. I watched her slightest action, her every glance, it seemed as if her words soothed the pains of sickness, and lightened the languor attendant upon an invalid's inactivity. Oh, if that smile had fallen upon myself, as

it then fell upon her father, if I had only felt its cheering influence without that burning passion it has excited in this breast; but I must not anticipate my narration. The sun sunk behind the mountains, she carefully shielded her sire from the damp. I watched her retiring steps, heard the door close after her, and at last turned away.

Intending to depart again to some retired spot, I was advancing, when I perceived that there was some one at the end of the bridge apparently watching me, and then retiring as if to look up the road. Alarmed, I seized my hunting knife and approached him: seeing me advance, he came towards me, it was the servant of Berchtold. He had seen me from a neighbouring height, and anxious, as he said, for my safety, had immediately followed me, and finding me on the bridge, had several times spoken to me without my paying the least attention; perceiving at last how I was engaged in

contemplating the beautiful object before me, he had contented himself with guarding the entrance to the bridge. I enquired about the French soldiers, he turned pale, but at that moment I hardly noticed it; he told me that they had been watching Berchtold's house during the whole of the night, apparently aware of my being in the habit of going there every evening. He informed me that there were only two remaining, whom he had supplied so abundantly with wine, that if I chose to venture towards the cottage, he would inform Berchtold and my sister where they could meet me, while he engaged the attention of my pursuers. How easily I was deceived; I have since known the value of men's professions; then I was young and confident in virtue. Berchtold and my sister met me, but there were other soldiers in the neighbourhood; those the servant led to a pass by which I must descend on my return. It was but another instance

of that venal boasted honour which so much stains the Swiss patriotic history.

In the mean time I learnt from Berchtold that he had walked to Berne, hoping to cause my sentence of outlawry to be cancelled; that the French employers had lulled him with hope until he had been rash enough to acknowledge my being in this neighbourhood; when they would listen to him no longer, but sent the soldiers I have mentioned. Even Ochs, who had formerly been his school-fellow, had laughed when he reproached him for so vile a breach of confidence. I spoke with my sister apart, and informed her of my discovery, she was surprised, and seemed downcast; but Berchtold, who had gone to listen, and reported all silent, joining us, we could not proceed in our conversation. I embraced them, and had begun to descend the steep, when I heard myself challenged; having my gun with me, I fired, and the challenger fell; but one leapt upon my back, it was my own ser-

vant, and I was surrounded. I struck upon every side, but it was in vain: determined, however, to be revenged, I threw myself upon the ground with the traitor; as we turned, I succeeded in getting him undermost, and plunged my hunting-knife up to the hilt in his chest. He groaned and died. I surrendered.

I was hurried to Interlaken, put into a boat, and before the dawn of day, was locked in the prisons of Thun. I expected to be immediately taken out and shot. I was not, however, disturbed till night, when I was awakened from a sound sleep, and, guarded by a company of soldiers, was ordered to be conveyed to the castle of Chillon, upon the lake of Geneva. Entering into conversation with the soldier who marched by my side, I heard from him that Berchtold and my sister had in vain applied for admission to my dungeon, upon hearing of my misfortune; that the reason I was removed at this late hour arose from the

magistrate's fearing a rescue by the people, who once or twice in the day had seemed, by their tumultuous meeting, inclined to force the prison of him whom they called their only remaining patriot. From him I first learnt that my name was in every mouth ; that there were romantic tales printed about me, and spread over all the country in spite of the police which endeavoured so suppress them. I did not feel any vain exultation at this ; I was too near death ; but I certainly experienced some satisfaction in the thought, that for Louisa,—that—that was her name. For years locked up within my breast, it has not passed my lips. I have not dared to utter that name, not even whisper it to my own ear ; but it has been deeply engraven here. It is now a spell that conjures up horrid thoughts ; once it did not.

But I must command myself. I had not visited this part of Switzerland yet, though beautiful, and perhaps richer than any I had seen, it passed unobserved

before my eyes. The simple villagers, hearing my name, came round the inns at which we stopped, and looked upon me in silence. Mothers brought their children to me to kiss, as if my kiss could call down a blessing, or inspire heroism. I crossed the Dent de Jamanu, and soon saw the castle once the prison of Bonniva, now destined to be my own.

The draw-bridge was up, and the sentinels were parading as if they esteemed the castle of importance. Upon my name being mentioned the bridge was lowered, and I soon heard the clash of the chains employed in raising it after me. It seemed to be accompanied by a voice that bade hope to leave me. The rude stare of the soldiers, and the bustling scene of the officers, running to and fro, did not tend to relieve the sorrow that weighed upon me. I had dared danger in the chase upon the Alps; death in battle; yet here the thoughts of leaving all, oppressed me. I did not think of

the pain of parting with existence; but Berchtold, my sister, the vision of the Wengern Alp, all seemed to press upon my imagination with eyes, that, by their look, seemed to denote a breaking heart. My head fell upon my breast, while, with folded arms, I walked along the vaulted passage. I was searched, all was taken from me, my knife, the little money I had. The rude jailor already had his hand upon the scarf, retainining it with a firm grasp, I looked at him, and seeing his daughter close by his side, — "if that child, I said, should be far — far from thee, and thou couldst not hope to see her but in heaven, couldst thou part with the only relic of her memory?" He looked upon his child, and let go his hold.

I was taken into a room where several officers were deliberating concerning me. I had stood before them some time, when one asked me my name. "Ernestus Berchtold" was my answer. "It is the traitor;"

fell from the lips of one. I looked upon him; he could not stand my glance, but sunk into silence. They were considering whether they should lead me to instant execution, or whether I should be confined till the pleasure of the government at Berne should be known, as it was thought that they might wish to make a more public exhibition of the punishment of him they so gratuitously called a traitor. I was respited by one voice, and was instantly ordered to my dungeon.

To descend into the prison, which is below the level of the water, it is necessary to go down a narrow circular staircase. While descending it, we were stopped by that child upon whom I had rested my appeal to the jailor; to pass her we were obliged to go singly; when I came close to her, I felt something pressed into my hand, while at the same time she made a sign with her finger for silence. I put her present into my breast and followed her father, who was before me,

while the others were at my back. I entered a long vault, its floor was the solid rock, and its high roof was supported by seven thick massy pillars. The waves of the lake dashed sullenly against the walls above my head, and the feeble light that pierced the high windows only showed me the damp black sides of this prison. There were the steps of a prisoner marked during a long imprisonment upon the very rock; I still heard the noise of bolts, but did not heed it, till I arrived at a narrow cell, partitioned off from the greater dungeon, which I had not perceived in the general obscurity. Into this narrow space I was forced to enter. It was not sufficiently long for me to lie down at full length, and the barred grating, which, far above my reach, was intended in mockery to represent a window, received no reflected light from the dark floor of Bonniva's prison. I heard the doors fastened one after another.

Beneath the slowly sounding wave I

was cut off from humanity; the monotonous dashing against the castle's base alone broke the dread silence; it seemed like the loud note of the moments in nature's last hour. My spirits fled, and I leant against the stones to which I was chained, with hands clasped, and my eyes painfully straining, as if they sought at least to see the real horrors of my dwelling. Fatigued by my long journey over the steep Jamanu, I sought to sit and sleep, but the damp floor for a long time kept my racking mind awake to all the torments of thought, while it hoped for a momentary oblivion of woe.

At last I sunk into repose, and it was not until late the next morning that I awoke, but I awoke refreshed; I had seen the constant attendant upon my dreams, and I soon lost myself in thought upon her various appearances. The waves above me seemed silenced to a calm, and the sun's powerful meridian ray reflected upon the various sides of

the greater vault, penetrated, though in a feeble glimmer, my solitary cell. Gradually stealing upon my ear, I heard a distant voice, which in melancholy notes seemed to sympathize with my sorrows. I listened; it approached; the measured strokes of an oar interrupted the heavenly strain; suddenly breaking into livelier notes it sung of hope; the voice was, they were Italian words, it was my vision's voice. It gradually sunk away into indistinct sounds. I seemed another being, hope breathed upon my heart, and Louisa wore the semblance of that enchanter; oh that I had died, that she had left me to myself to die! it was not the will of heaven. Again I heard the splashing sound of the oar, and again that voice sounded on my ear; it was no longer the thrilling notes of an air, but in slow recitative it bade me hope, it told me that a boat should be stationed at two or three stone throws distance from the castle, ready at all times to receive me if

I could manage to get out, and that in the mean time endeavours were making at Berne, to gain a repeal of the sentence passed upon me. Again the song of hope sounded in my cell, losing itself gradually in the distance, it at last left me with nothing human within hearing.

I now remembered the child's present; feeling in my breast, it proved to be a file and a knife; I instantly began to work at the wall, dividing me from the great dungeon; while thus busily employed I heard the bolts of the vault withdrawn; my jailor entered, he spoke not, but threw me my pittance of bread, and laid down my pitcher of water. Hardly was he gone, when I resumed my work, the dampness of my cell aided me. The mortar was soft, and the wall built of small stones; when therefore I had scraped the mortar away from the crevices, I did not find any difficulty in forcing them out. One by one I tore away many, and I had already almost pierced the wall;

when, fearful of penetrating entirely through, lest the jailor might next day detect my attempt, I managed to replace most of the rubbish in its situation, and to push the rest into a corner. I now began with my file to cut the chain that surrounded my waist. The jailor came next morning, and told me, that at the dawn of the ensuing day I was to be conveyed to Berne. This gave me additional strength, the hopes of liberty, of seeing Louisa, spurred me on, and in a few moments I was free from my chains. With what impatience I waited for the night. It came; I forced a passage through the wall, and I found myself in the great vault without a manacle. The moon's ray seemed with a smile to seek the ground on which I trod, for its cold beams pierced the grated apertures above, and illumined some dreary spots. I was not yet free, the window was high above my reach; but I did not despair, taking the whole length of the dungeon to give me

power, I leapt, and caught with my hands at one of the bars. I raised myself, and resting my knee upon the shelving sill, I immediately began to employ my file, and the rusty bars soon gave way to my arm. I paused a moment, the cool fresh air of the night, no longer poisoned by the noxious vapours of the subterranean dungeon, played amidst my hair; I seemed to inhale life. The moon's ray, decked with one glittering streak of light the whole breadth of the wide lake; it seemed the path of hope. Not far distant was a barge; in three or four hours my murderers would be at my prison door. The ground was covered with snow even to the water's edge; I leapt into the lake, and being a good swimmer I reached the boat numbed by the cold, I had hardly the strength to raise myself into it. There was no one to be found; there were some coarse provisions, a peasant's habit, and a letter; it had no direction, "if safe," it said, "proceed to Milan, you will hear

of us there. Your sister is well, Berchtold ill, but do not go to him, he knows we are attempting to save you, and he shall immediately be informed of your escape. The daughter of Olivieri's father." It was now that I learnt that Olivieri was the brother of Louisa Doni. It was now explained why he so attentively examined my scarf.

I could not resolve on leaving Switzerland without seeing Berchtold, there was a western breeze, I hoisted the latin sail, and in a few minutes I was free from immediate danger, and on my way towards Beatenberg. It was necessary that I should keep amongst the mountains, and I only dared approach the most solitary chalets. They were generally deserted, and it was with difficulty that I procured sufficient to support nature during the three days I was upon my way. Arriving at Œschi, I took a boat from the side of the lake, and crossing, was soon at the foot of the steep, on which stands Beatenberg. The stillness of the night

was broken by the sound of voices chaunting, which, stealing down the mountain, sunk upon the wave. Alarmed I knew not why, I rushed up the path; before the church porch, around the great cross that stood upon the green sward, knelt Berchtold's parishioners arrayed in white. Though the red glare of the pine torch fell upon their faces, it did not allow me to distinguish any one. Breathless I stood incapable of motion: The chaunt ended, the minister of peace arose, it was not Berchtold; he's dead, I cried, and rushed forward; alarmed, the peasants rose, they recognized me and were silent; my sister took my hand and bade me pray for him who had died. Incapable of any longer bearing the anxiety attendant upon my fate, I knew not what I did, I knelt, I heard the solemn chaunt sing Berchtold's requiem, and could not join it. The earth closed over him, and the minister led me to my former home.

I was inconsolable, they talked to me

of ensuring my safety; I was deaf to their remonstrances, and only listened to grief; my sister was left alone with me. She wept with me, and ere it was dawn, had persuaded me to depart. She told me that Louisa had been with her, had made her promise to join her, in case of Berchtold's death, so that I need not be under any anxiety on her account. She informed me that Louisa had walked with her over my haunts, had enquired after every minutest circumstance about me. My sister said, she thought she loved me. I could listen to no more, embracing her, I issued forth, visited my mother's and Berchtold's grave, and soon lost sight of Beatenberg.

Louisa loved me! it was too true, if that love had fallen upon any one else it would have proved a blessing. On me; you see my withered lineaments, my sunken eye, my feeble step, think you, a common curse could thus blast the bloom of life? Berchtold was but the first victim to my love. My love has left me, a scat-

tered pine amidst this desolate scene, but first it has destroyed all who were bound to me, my love has proved,—but I must preserve my strength,—I have horrors to relate,—going through the Simplon, then a road only passable by mules or on foot, I soon arrived at Milan.

I was in safety, the city was in possession of the Austrians. I had hardly rested at the inn, at which I took up my abode and was making enquiries, in hopes of discovering the Donis, when Olivieri entered. We flew into one another's arms, he answered none of my enquiries, but leading me to his carriage, we arrived through the corso at a palace close to the gates. We got out, I knew not whither he was leading me, the doors of the saloon were thrown open, and I found myself in the presence of his father, his sister. The old man advanced, and taking my hand, which hung by my side, he thanked me for having twice saved the life of his son. I knew not what to say; conscious I owed

my life to Louisa's interference, I could not find words to thank her. The father at last led me towards his daughter, and bade her attempt to thank me. Her eyes turned upon me, suffused with blushes she had some words upon her lips, when I forced myself to stop her. "Do not mock me, what do I owe to you? my life is nothing, when compared to that thirst of honour, you inspired in my breast." Again, she blushed and was silent. At that moment, another carriage arrived, it was my sister attended by two faithful domestics of my friend; locked in my arms, she was at last taken thence to be clasped in those of my preserver.

After taking some refreshment, the father led me into another room, he there told me that Berchtold's last request was, that he should supply his place, and take my sister and myself to him, as his children. As he spoke, he showed me at the same time, the last lines which my foster-father had written a few moments before.

he died. They contained our history as far as he was acquainted with it; in them he bade me trust always in God, and recommended me to bow under that dispensation, which had made me an outcast on my native soil, and not to murmur at the will of him, who had deprived me of the feeble support a Swiss pastor could afford against the pressure of events, since he had raised me up a protector, so much more powerful in the father of him whose life I had saved.' Doni took me by the hand, and perceiving the tear trembling in my eye, he begged of me to let him supply the place of Berchtold. He called me son; Louisa's father could not call me so in vain, I fell upon his neck, but could not speak.

ERNESTUS BERCHTOLD.

PART SECOND.

You have visited our alpine scenes and have undoubtedly been witness to the approach of one of those dreadful visitations of angry nature, which sometimes occur in the pent-up valleys. The black speck gathers upon the mountain's brow; amidst the silence and dead stillness of the air, it seems as if all were resting, in hopes of gaining strength to resist the desolating fury of the powers let loose against them. Only the lowing of the cattle, which, with its hollow lengthened sound, seems to give unheeded notice of the

dread storm's approach, echoes upon the air, awed by the very stillness. Yet the sun shines brilliantly on the scene, doubled in the unrippled surface of the lake that seems proudly to bear the beauteous image, as if it were conscious how soon that smiling scene would be changed. — So passed the years, in which day succeeded day in unperceived succession, in which I lived under the same roof, partook innocently of the same joys and sorrows as Louisa. There was yet a weight upon my heart I could not explain; my dreams always terminated unhappily, and sleep, that refuge common to all misery, was to me like the waking hours of others. Immediately after our arrival, my sister was visited with a threatening appeal from our mother, who bade her depart with me once more to our native wilds, and never return. We could not understand the decrees of fate, lulled by the peace and apparent happiness around us, we were unconscious of what

was in future,—we remained,—and I am what you see—a spectre amongst the living.

Encouraged by Louisa, I again returned to my studies. All the morning engaged in the library of my benefactor, I followed them under his direction, chiefly reading the modern poets and historians, with whom I had little acquaintance. Louisa would often come, and, sitting by my side, read the same passages, and discuss the merits of a particular image, often directing my taste, and pointing out many beauties I had not before perceived, even in my favorite authors. You see those volumes; they are those we read together; they now form my whole library, but you cannot know the pleasure there is contained in a single one of those pages. I read them, and every word again sounds upon my ear, as if she spoke it. I turn round and am undeceived, Louisa is not by my side, though her voice seems speaking as when we were innocent.

In the evening we assembled in the saloon of the palace. Doni was distinguished from his countrymen by a state of affluence, which was apparently boundless, but which was the more extraordinary in this respect, that it did not excite the envy of his neighbours. His riches indeed seemed less for his own use than for that of his friends. He was of a noble family, but being the offspring of a younger branch, he had been early innured to hardships. Disdaining the mean idle life he was obliged to lead, in subservience to the will of a proud relation, he had left Milan at an early age, and had travelled into the East. He never, however, spoke of his journey, and always seemed anxious to direct the conversation into another channel, whenever it turned upon subjects in any manner connected with it. He had returned rich, no one knew whence; but there were whisperings abroad, that he had not gained his riches by commerce; though no one could

trace where his riches lay; yet as his gold was poured forth with so liberal a hand, his wealth was deemed almost infinite. He had been strikingly handsome, and was extremely intelligent; but grief had weighed down his energies, and sorrow had broken his faculties. After his return he had married. Beauty was the mere casket, the riches were within; his wife was described as having possessed a mind, that without laying aside all that appealing delicacy and weakness, which binds woman to man; had all those powers and accomplishments, which unfortunately in her sex have generally been the panders to vice; but which, with her, were the handmaids to virtue. Her presence was commanding, but her voice was persuasive; its tones struck the heart and produced those emotions, which all remember, none can express, the feeling, as if we had been always virtuous, and were worthy of listening to the voice of a being superior to ourselves. The poor

followed her steps, not with their usual boisterous cry for charity, but in silence; they seemed to watch the glance of her eye, as if the sympathy which shone there, had made them even forget their ragged miseries. Louisa was her counterpart, when I heard any one describing what her mother had been, it seemed that I could read the whole upon her daughter's face, and methought I could often perceive the speaker reading on the same page. Doni had loved her; nay more, had adored her, but she had married him by the persuasion of her parents, while her heart was engaged to another far away; he had returned, they saw one another, and fled together; Doni pursued them, fired at the carriage which was escaping and blood fell upon the road; —they did not stop. Doni then entirely ost all command of himself; he fell in the road, calling for mercy and relief from that curse, which had already begun to blast him. He had never recovered

the shock; had retired from all those gaieties in which he had been once engaged, and devoted himself to the education of his children. For their sake he had, however, again entered into society, but in a very different style from his former magnificence. These are the circumstances which I heard of his history, from those friends with whom I spoke in the course of the two first years of my stay at Milan; besides this, I also found the reports of his supernatural powers to be believed: and whenever, I enquired concerning them, the speaker always looked round the room, before he ventured to speak, and would then only answer in whispers.

I have mentioned our evening assembly in the saloon of the palace; thither all distinguished by rank or science came — all visitors were alike welcome. There, no ceremony, which is but the vain-pointing of selfishness to its sacrifices, incommoded those, who, invited by the society they

found there, chose to take a chair in this circle. Louisa's father always held the reins of conversation in his own hands, and instead of letting it fall upon the common place subjects of fashion, he turned the minds of his company to disquisitions that gave to each an opportunity of showing his information or judgement. At times, the existence and powers of the Deity were canvassed,—at times, the reality of beings intermediate between God and man; their qualities, and the facts related concerning them, came under consideration. Other evenings heard discussions upon the nature of virtue, whether it really were definite and felt, as is beauty, in every breast, or whether it were not merely an object of policy and self-convenience. The father and son generally took opposite sides, and under one or the other, each individual of the company enlisted himself, accordingly as it happened that he were either in a humour to be pleased with the ge-

neral dispensation of providence throughout the day to himself, or was smarting under what he conceived to be an undeserved infliction of the evil spirit.

Olivieri made it a point to bewilder every one. He was a little older than myself; his head, though not perfect, had much beauty; a fine forehead, black hair, a dark, though small eye, united to a Grecian contour, formed, if not a pleasing, a striking physiognomy. I soon found that he had read much. His body also had been exercised; though not graceful, he was active, and hardly any excelled him in a certain quickness of adaptation, both of mind and body, to any thing required. His opinions were paradoxical and singular. In religion he outwardly professed Catholicism, and strongly opposed those scribbling philosophers, who by sarcasm, attempt to overturn the religion of ages, though at the same time he allowed the absurdity and falsehood of the prevailing doctrines. This did not appear

to arise from a spirit of opposition, but, if the motives he gave were true, from a chain of thought that did honour to his heart, not head. He asserted that Catholicism was the only religion affording to the poor and to the sick of heart, a balm for their evils. Calvinism, deism and atheism, were by him called the professions of the northern nations, cold as their native rocks. Professions to which enthusiasm, and the feeling of a certain refuge, so heart-soothing in Catholicism, were unknown. He maintained that it was not for individuals, who had the advantage of education and imagination, to shelter them from the overwhelming force of mental miseries, and unlooked for misfortunes, to attempt under a real, though vain pretence of the love of truth, to deprive the poor and uneducated millions forming the mass of mankind, of the consolation always offered by this religion, which instead of shunning the poor, gladly seeks their miserable hovel, in the

hope of administering present comfort and future hope. Indeed he was inconsistent in his principles. He had not mingled much in general life, but while at Padua, where he had been sent to study, he had sought the acquaintance of all. From the knowledge of man he had there acquired, whether it were that he had constantly met with mean and weak companions, or that conscious of his own bad qualities, he had thence estimated the value of man's professions, he always seemed to view the human character in a darker hue than was warranted by truth, and to have formed his mind into a general contempt for mankind as a mass, and a determination, if ever an occasion offered, of rising at their expence, considering them but as tools to work with. His manners were at first always engaging, and rather pleasing, but this seemed irksome to him, and he gave way to an imperious, assuming air in conversation, which soon disgusted his friends. His ideas of a life after death

seemed strangely childish, he did not believe in an immortality, yet he had so strong a love of fame, that there was no reputation he did not covet. He sometimes formed visions of a throne raised upon the blood of his countrymen spilt in civil war; at times, of the fame of a benefactor to debtors and galley slaves. He sought at the same time for the applause of the philosophers and the drunkard, the divine, and the libertine. Things, of which, even at the moment of action he was ashamed, were often done by him in the view of proving himself capable of excelling even in vice. It was hard to say, whether he owed a certain frankness and easiness of attachment, to his weakness, or to seeds sown in his breast by nature. But whether it were from his incapability of constantly acting up to his system, or to the overpowering force of nature, it was strange to hear him express himself a follower of a doctrine that has proved the leech of human blood, and at the same time refuse to tread upon a

worm. The evil was, his riches induced the young to pander for him, the old to flatter him, on account of his specious talents and handsome appearance. He was a student, a gambler, and a libertine.

This man became my companion, his father often pointed me out to him, as the model for his conduct, and when he had to reproach him for the losses at the Ridotto, or when Olivieri sought an excuse in the plea of youth, for the ruin his libertinism had brought on many families, he would speak of me as an example of strength, resisting all the temptations of vice. I was a reed when the storm came, Olivieri had watched me at the meetings in the saloon, I was generally a mere listener, but my curiosity was alive, though silent; my mind had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. I was a catholic, Berchtold had educated me in doctrines, without teaching me the foundation upon which they were built; he thought it impiety to question them.

The conversation to which I was now present, seemed to rest upon the entire conviction, that all I believed was false. Yet this was not satisfactory. I heard arguments adduced in support of one assertion which seemed irresistible; but what was my surprise, on another evening to hear the same person adduce more than plausibilities in favour of the contrary hypothesis. I at last was bewildered, I was unwilling to believe the human mind incapable of truth, the more I examined, the more difficulty I found in the attainment of it. I heard the deist and the atheist contend; following but one of the chains of argument, I was convinced; looking at them together, I saw the lustre of truth equally on both; I knew not which to choose. I was a sceptic in fact, not in name. Night after night upon my sleepless couch, I called upon the God, whose existence I doubted, to visit me, as if God heeded the belief of an individual, as if the happiness of an infinite being like

him depended on a man's faith in his existence. Olivieri perceived the state of my mind, I asked his assistance, he laughed at my attempt at knowledge, and bewildered me still more; I was restless, and seemed at length to be deprived of all motive for action. No superior being to smile upon our efforts, to whom we may show our gratitude, and whose approbation we may obtain; no virtue, but artificial trammels set up under its name, to lure the unwary into the toils of the wittiest knave. I wished I had never left those mountains, amidst which, I had thought, I felt the breath of a superior being, though he was clothed by my imagination in terrors. Nothing above man, and that man the sport of chance, of his own caprice. Yet within my breast it seemed as if aspirings dwelt which seemed to have been born with me. Were they but a mockery? I grew melancholy, whole days confined to my room, I meditated till my brain became a wilderness of various thoughts so en-

tangled I knew not how to extricate myself.

My sister, fearing I was ill, would often sit by me, would bring Louisa, and they would together listen to my doubts. Julia seemed to be as much affected by them as myself; she listened with avidity, and echoed my own ideas. Not so Louisa, she talked of revelation, of a beneficent Deity, who had for a while left man in ignorance, to prove to him his own weakness, but had at last revealed himself, and announced a better state. While she spoke, she seemed like the first vision of the Wengern Alp destined again to save me, and set me free from these bewilderings, the first step towards vice. She soothed my mind, her lips quelled doubt into the peaceful certainty attendant upon Christianity. I no more paid any attention to the conversation of the evening, but set myself down by Louisa, and listened to her, while she was engaged in some work, which, though it employs the hands, leaves the mind at

liberty. I sat by her, asking for some errand, some office, in doing which I might do her bidding; she was evidently gratified by my attentions, she would blush at my approach and smile; she would make room for me by her side. Oftentimes I gazed in silence upon her, and often our eyes met. Her breath at moments played upon my cheek, and sometimes her hand by accident touched mine. She would bid me read poetry to her, and often love was the subject of the poet's lay; my voice trembled, I dared not look upon her, for fear she should perceive the emotion upon my face. I loved her, but it was not a common love. I did not rest upon the hope of gaining her, she appeared a being superior to myself, of whom I was unworthy, yet it seemed, as if her smile were necessary to induce me to exert myself, and was a reward sufficient for the greatest deeds. She would sing to me, she would walk with me in the garden; but you must imagine, I cannot

paint the charm, the magic, in her conversation. I have not described her person, for I could not, her mind was more heavenly than her eye, its expressions more delicately varying than the bloom on her cheek; there was meekness attendant upon power, softness upon strength.

If she had not left me for a moment, I might have been spared much guilt; but the sickness of a near relation was a call she could not resist. I had often followed her, when masked, she attended upon the sick in the hospitals. It is an Italian custom: often have I, disguised in the covering gown of the Misericordia, stood by her, whom it was impossible not to recognize. The dying called for her, though they knew her not; they soon distinguished her powerful tones which pierced through the bond of grief around the most withered heart, and poured upon it those precious consolations afforded by her religion. Her manner, her voice, her gestures, seemed at such moments to be

those of a being who was conscious of the truth of what it announced; not from the testimony of man, but from having witnessed the presence of the very Deity. The loud groan, the stifled sigh, were silenced in her presence; pain seemed to have no power; conscience no sting. She left me to visit her relation.

For some days I felt lost; I knew not to whom to apply; my sister seemed always occupied; she spoke with me; but I was sorry to find she had imbibed those doctrines so easily eradicated, as I thought, from my own mind. I observed Olivieri paid her particular attention, and often conversed with her. He at last perceived how restless I was; he seized the opportunity, determined to gain an object, which I did not think him capable of attempting. During my stay at Milan, I had hardly ever been out in the evening, for, as it is not customary for unmarried females to go into society, I should have lost the pleasure of sitting by Louisa. Now I had no inducement to

remain at home. Olivieri persuaded me to accompany him to the theatre of La Scala. I was induced by the splendour of the scenery, the beautiful dancers, the exquisite singing, to return. I was led into the boxes of our friends, and behind the scenes. I found my companion was every where well received. The dancers and actresses crowded around him: their conversation was lively and various. Gradually, the freedom in their discourse, which had at first disgusted me, grew indifferent; then pleasing by the wit sometimes shown even upon such subjects. One of these women, to whom Olivieri introduced me, was a mistress in her art, and well understood the artifices by which the young and unwary are misled: she was beautiful, and though her eye was never free from a certain look of confidence, the characteristic of this class, she could soften its expression, and cause it, in the presence of him she intended to inveigle, to send forth such glances as it was impossible to

resist. By Olivieri's desire she attached herself to me, and I gradually took pleasure in her company; I saw her neglect the attentions of the first nobles in Milan to gain mine; in the midst of the rapturous applause of the whole theatre, she would turn her eye upon me to see if I approved; she seemed to sacrifice herself for me. When the opera was over, she would take my arm and lead me to the saloon of the theatre, where all were engaged in gambling. Sitting at a window, she drew me into conversation, gradually she approached the table; we at first stood merely as spectators; at last she tempted me to try my fortune: I consented, laid down my stake, it was soon increased to an enormous amount, for I was successful: I threw it into her lap, and we parted. For several nights I was equally fortunate; but at length I lost. I was so profusely supplied with money by the kind friend who called me son, that I did not at first heed my losses.

I had given all I gained to the syren, who still urged me on: I lost every franc I had. She then supplied me; I was ashamed to take it of her, though it was what I myself had gained; but I hoped my luck would change; I lost the whole. She then began to exert her more baneful powers, she led me from folly to vice, in search of what she assured me was an antidote to memory; I joined the libertine and the desperate. I was ashamed of letting Doni know that he, whom he had pointed out as a model of virtue to his son, had sunk into the lowest debauchery. Louisa's image often — often was before me; but how dare I name her in conjunction with my vices. She had thrice been a ministering angel, guiding my steps, but then I was innocent. I dared not now rest upon the thought; and often I threw myself deeper into the sinks of vice, in hopes that such reflections would not pursue me thither.

The syren, instigated by Olivieri, led

me into every excess; while he plied me again with insinuations against religion, and sneers upon my credulous conscience that pictured a future state. I was now glad to seek refuge in unbelief; and I strove to lose myself in those thoughts which I had before fled, and from which I had been saved by my protecting angel. He also excited me to gamble, lent me money himself when I had none, and gathered round me every incentive to vice. He had been mortified at his father's holding me up as a pattern of strength against temptation; he was revenged, he exposed my weakness. I had hardly resisted the first approaches of vice, and had, in a short time, sunk below the lowest frequenters of its haunts.

One night I was desperate, every thing of value that I had was gone. Olivieri himself had been unsuccessful; and I knew not where to seek for the money I wanted to satisfy my creditors. I rushed out from the house, and found myself in

the Piazza del Duomo. My brain was hot, my hair dishevelled; I rushed along, not knowing what I was about. I knew no where to apply. To destroy at onc Doni's opinion of my virtue by tellin him my situation, seemed worse than my present feeling. I stood still holding my head with my hand; I lifted my eyes from the ground on which they had been fixed. It was night, there was no light save from the glimmering stars and the newly risen moon, upon the dark canopy of heaven. The white façade of the Duomo raised its huge mass in contrast with the night; shining even upon its dark veil, it seemed to awe the mind by its indistinct mass, which, weighing on the earth, forced itself upon the eye when all else was lost in the shading darkness. All was still and sunk to rest; I alone seemed waking midst sleep; in anguish, midst repose. I stood, I know not why, for some time gazing upon the marble statues and forms which gained a certain

charm from the moon's silvering light. The mats, spread like a curtain before the doors, being raised by the dying breeze, struck with a measured impulse the wall: unconsciously I entered. Save where the light of the moon fell upon the heavy columns, vesting them with the faint hues of the coloured glass that adorned the windows, it was all darkness that seemed sensible to the touch. I walked towards the high altar. There is a subterranean chapel dedicated to St. Borromeo, which receives its light through the flooring of the dome. The silver lamps, hung over the shrine, sent up a column of light to the very roof. I descended the stairs, and found myself within the chapel. The lamps were almost failing, and the silver walls darkened by the torch of the devotees absorbed the little light they emitted. I approached the shrine; the dried corpse of the saint, arrayed in his pontificals, seemed, by its repose, to invite me to seek peace where he possessed it. His eye,

which once might also have known anguish, was now sunk in the socket, and presented but a mass of blackened mould in the corner of its former throne. I gazed upon it until I thought I saw it move; methought there was a smile upon its lips, as if it mocked my thoughts of peace. I repose with him, a benefactor to the poor, a saint! A laugh was almost playing upon my lips, when the words, half stifled with emotion, "intercede my patron, intercede for Berchtold," sounded on my ear. — I turned; a female figure, I had not observed, was kneeling near the wall in earnest prayer. I approached, "who prays for Berchtold? your prayer is mocked." Alarmed, she raised her head; it was — you know whom I would say — it was Louisa. She looked upon my face convulsed with the violence of my emotions, upon my dishevelled hair. — "Is it you? Ernestus," she said, rising, "are you come to pray; heaven has then heard even me, and has not left you. Break not my heart." I could not utter more.

She took my arm, we passed through the long nave; I dared not look around, methought some other form would burst upon my eyes in spite of the circling darkness, and blast me. A carriage was waiting at a little distance; she had left the gay dance to pray for me. I had handed her into her carriage, and was going; "Berchtold, she said, will you leave me?" She wished me, the wretch, to be still near her.. I jumped into the carriage, and blessed the darkness that hid my face; we spoke no more. Every one had retired at Doni's. She took my hand when leaving me, and pressing it in her's, whilst she gazed upon my face; she bade me think — she would have said more; a tear fell from her unwilling eye, and she hastily turned away.

I returned to my room, I had not entered it for many days. Louisa knew my guilt; sleep would not refresh me, my thoughts revelled in a maddening breast. Whither could I turn for refuge from their

power? Religion I had cast from me, as a foul fiend's mock; Louisa! rest upon purity, I dared not; then my native mountains rushed upon my sight, I seemed bounding along the crags, Berchtold smiled upon my innocence, I laughed aloud—innocence? it was but the want of temptation. I threw myself upon my bed, and though not asleep, I became so stupified by the very excess of pain, that even the phantoms of conscience no longer passed with distinctness before me. The night seemed to hang suspended over my head, as if in pity it would hide me from the day, so slow was its progress; morning at last returned, but with it were the same thoughts as had visited me during the night.

It was hardly day before I heard some one at my door, I opened it, it was Doni. I turned away my head ashamed to look upon him, he did not reproach me, telling me that he knew my present way of life needed a more abundant supply of money,

than he had given me, he bade me to apply. to him for any sum I wanted. I could not speak, I had expected he would have attempted to show me my vices in all their native horror; he pressed his offer upon me; ashamed to tell him the whole amount of my folly, I at last named a sum not half sufficient to satisfy my creditors, but I thought it would stop the mouths of the most clamorous, and that in the mean time, by economizing my allowance, I might clear the rest. He asked me repeatedly, if it was the entire sum I owed; I answered yes; he left me, and in a few minutes returned, with gold to the amount required; "take it" he said, "it is no loss to me, but your wonted happiness I see is fled, that grieves me. Believe one who is older than yourself, Vice is not the path of happiness." I was silent. I intended immediately to pay my debts as far as I could, and at once to free myself from the life of a gambler, and a libertine.

My sister came to see me in my room, for I was ashamed of appearing at the breakfast table. I observed that the colour in her cheeks was gone, that she no longer was the open-hearted girl I remembered; attributing this however to the effect of my own follies upon her mind, I said nothing. She remained with me some time, but I no longer felt that pleasure I had always known in her company upon former occasions. We seemed both afraid of touching upon any thing relating to ourselves, and both evidently with minds deeply occupied about other important objects, talked of the most trivial circumstances.

When night came, I issued forth, determined to pay my debts, as far as was in my power; I entered the saloon of the theatre; there were only the banker and the punters arrived; they had arranged every thing for the faro table, and immediately they saw me, they began talking of the various successes of the last night.

They told me how Olivieri had regained every thing at the very close of the evening. One or two gradually stepped in; amongst them was my friend, he was in high spirits; I took him aside, and told him that I was weary of this kind of life, and was determined to pay every one as far as I had it in my power. He would not let me finish, he laughed at my intentions, and told me, that as our good luck was now returned, it would be a folly to throw it away, that as I acknowledged myself incapable of paying the whole, it would be as well to owe a greater as a lesser sum. His companions soon perceived the subject of our conversation, and joined us. They all ridiculed my intention, and I was persuaded to venture once more. I at first lost, but suddenly the rouleaus poured upon me; one more stake, and I had regained even all my enormous losses; it was soon too late to retire, I almost lost all I had that morning received from Doni. It was now quite use-

less to think of retreating, I fell again into my former life, with more than double energy. I was at times surprised to find that great sums were paid to several of my creditors, I could not learn by whom; I imagined it was by Olivieri's father; this did not stop me. My vicissitudes were great, but I could never entirely extricate myself, so that I was always either lured by hope or urged by despair.

I need not describe to you the progress of my other vices; debauched women, men of whom one is ashamed, and wine, are generally the attendants upon gambling. I could not seek the house of Doni, nor of virtue; I threw myself into every haunt of desperate characters like myself, and learnt to boast alike of the smile of the prostitute, or of the tear of the debauched virgin; when losing, I stupified my mind with wine, and was glad to fall from my chair, provided memory failed with my senses. Noted cheats, and men proscribed from society for their low dissolute-

ness, often seized upon my arm on the Corso, as if I were one of their equals, and I dared not repel their familiarity, for I was in their power. Once Louisa saw me in this situation, she never again rode out on the Corso; I had the maddened impudence to bow to her. I at last became mad, and once, was induced to aid in depriving a young novice of all his wealth, by means of false dice. I could not however stand by and see his horrible despair, he had beggared a wife and two lovely babes. I had just then been lucky, I confessed my participation to him, and gave him the whole amount of his loss; it became known, and I was laughed at; but for once I could withstand ridicule.

At the Doni palace in the mean time, the same outward appearance was preserved; there were still the same evening assemblies, but they were less frequented, for Olivieri was almost always with me. He was apparently afraid I should escape him; he was constantly stifling all thoughts

that arose in my breast, tending towards a return to virtue. He never left me but when I was deeply engaged in play or debauch; then he constantly went I know not whither. I have since found it out, and that discovery has not been the least of those pangs my guilt has brought upon me. I entered so little into society, that I heard nothing of what was passing there. I was, however, one day standing on the Corso with Olivieri, speaking to some ladies who had drawn up their carriage close to a shop, when the conversation turning upon the number of foreigners, who were moving about in consequence of the peace which had just been concluded, a lady turning, asked me if I had seen the stranger who excited so much the curiosity of all circles. Upon my saying I had not, she began expatiating upon his singular character, rested upon his powers of fascination, and told me that all the ladies were in love with him. I did not pay much attention to

this, thinking it but the foolish prattle of a young girl. She however continued; she wondered that I had not seen him, as he was a constant attendant upon Louisa, she having engrossed the whole of his attention, much to the mortification of all Milan.

Now I was roused. I let go Olivieri's arm, and wandered about alone. I dared not hope that Louisa could resist one whom all seemed to admire. The whole weight of my guilt fell heavily upon my recollection, and one after another all my vices presented themselves, arrayed against me. I did not return that day to any of my usual haunts. Towards evening, I found myself, fatigued with wandering, at the gate of the Doni palace. I know not what inspired me, it seemed as if I wished to gain the certainty of my fate. My steps, which till now had been slow and measured, suddenly quickened. I found myself at the entrance of the saloon; all was silent;

the red purple glare of sunset pierced the windows. I stood for a moment still; a sigh burst upon my ear — I entered — Louisa was sitting looking upon the setting sun. It was her sigh. She did not turn: "Is it you, my father?" I did not speak, she turned her head, her face was pale, but a blush mantled her cheek at the sight of me; her eyes were sunk and dim, but they brightened at my presence. She spoke my name, she rose, and with faultering steps attempted to reach a door leading to her apartments. I murmured audibly, but with a stifled voice: "She flies me, she flies, she hates me!" She turned. "Oh no: I do not, Ernestus, do not believe it." She fell upon the floor; I approached, knelt by her side, but dared not touch her. I attempted it, my hand retreated; there seemed to be pollution in my touch; I dared not. The cool air played upon her face, and the chill of the marble floor gradually recovered her; she opened her eyes; I

was now near her; I could see the marks of a suffering mind upon her face; her cheek now had no colour, save that reflected from the red light of the illumined west. Her tresses were disordered and neglected; her eyes sunk deep in their socket, how changed from the vision of the Wengern Alp! Her subdued voice could hardly articulate, when she again assured me with earnestness that she did not hate me, that she forgave me. Tears flowed down my cheeks, and I did not try to stop them. She looked upon me: "It is too late," she said, smiling with the smile of a broken heart; "it is too late, Berchtold; I wish that I could weep, but my eyes are dried up." The sounds of approaching footsteps were heard; she rose with difficulty; trembling, I offered my arm, she took it. I thought she would have spurned it. I could hardly support my own weight. I saw her to her door, and threw myself upon the staircase near it; but I soon heard

strange voices in the saloon; the thought of its being his voice, who, I had heard, was my rival, at once made me start. I rose, retired for a moment to my room, and then entered.

The apartment was now lit up. The company were in greater numbers than I had ever seen before. My rival, I said to myself, is then so attractive. No one observed my entry; they all seemed engaged around one man. It was my rival; I never saw so singular a figure. His bust and head were handsome, and bore the signs of strength. His black hair was in ringlets; his face was pale with a blueish tint that diminished even the colour of a naturally pale eye. His hands were joined with their palms turned towards the ground; his eyelids almost covered his eyes, which turned upon the floor, while his head erect, bore in its general expression the marks of contempt. He was speaking with elegance upon the fallen glories of some

sunken nation; when he had ended, and the conversation had became more general, he raised his eyes, and affecting surprize, he seemed ashamed of having attracted so much notice, though he did not blush, for the hue of his features seemed invariable. He retreated to a corner of the room, left vacant by the pressure of the company towards the spot he had just occupied. He there bent down his head, as if abstracted in thought; but looking under his eye-brows, he was evidently engaged in remarking the effect he had made upon the company. He again gradually got a circle round him, and again was apparently carried away by the great powers of his mind, and held forth upon some subject, and then once more retreated. I was tired of watching such acting, and looked round for my sister. She was at that moment entering; she immediately addressed Doni, who seemed alarmed, and went out. I approached—Louisa was ill and could not appear. Julia looked upon me as if she

knew it had been my presence which had thus affected her friend; I could not bear that look: "Do not reproach me, I feel all the shame of my crimes." "I reproach you!" she answered, "You mock me, I! it is not for one like me to do it." She turned away, I did not understand her; I asked her why she rested upon one like her. "Oh! do not ask me, my shame must not be spoken." The noble stranger approached, and broke off our conversation by asking after Louisa. I could not stand by him, but joined some of my former acquaintances; for though my heart was breaking, I dared not leave the room, determined to watch minutely every action of him I fancied my rival.

I entered into conversation, and forced myself to enquire about this stranger, who thus engaged the attention of all. There was a certain affectation of mystery about him, which induced all to seek him, in hopes of penetrating the veil he

threw round his actions. I met with one who had known him intimately in his own country. From whom I learnt several traits of his character; it appeared that this German was much distinguished amongst his countrymen for his talents, — that he was generally esteemed a hater of all the vanities of the world, but that he passed many hours at his toilette; that he was deemed broken-hearted from having been crossed in love; but that he was incapable of feeling that passion, being wrapt in selfishness; that made him sacrifice every thing around him to the whim of the moment: that he was deemed irresistible, and that no woman upon whom he fixed his eye could withstand the fascination of his tongue, but that he had never dared to tempt any woman, who was not of the most abandoned character; that even they were never addressed with boldness, but were always made to compromise themselves by some folly with him in public, before he would give them the least marked sign

of attention; that in fine he was a confirmed coward with women. In society he was playing off a strange coquetry with the whole world, affecting to be modest and diffident, whilst he protruded himself into notice. He was, however, rich, handsome, and noble by birth, I was an orphan dependant upon charity. He was every where received with great attention, no where with greater than in Doni's palace.

Perceiving that Louisa's father did not return, I became alarmed, and anxious to gain some information, I sought for him. He was walking with hasty steps before her door. Upon seeing me, he was turning away, but moved by my broken voice, he stopped, looked upon me, and addressed me, "You saved my son, Berchtold, but my daughter, my beloved daughter dies; it is, however, useless to speak to you, leave me, go to your room, Louisa's better." Every thing seemed confused to me, I could not believe that I was the cause of Louisa's ill-

ness, I could not believe that she could love such an outcast as myself. I was several times in the course of the night by her door, listening for some sound that should assure me of her existence. I fell asleep at last upon the sofa in my room, and I saw her in my dream as when she first appeared before me, glowing in health, buoyant with spirits; suddenly I thought she ran towards me, but ere she reached me, she faded like a flower, and fell to the ground. I awoke, all was still, but my heart beat violently. It seemed as if this were the fulfilment of my former dreams, my vices were the evils, the warning voice of my mother commanded my sister to fly, for they were doomed to be the death of all I loved.

Morning came, my first enquiries were concerning Louisa; she was very ill, and in a state of great weakness. Doni was not yet risen, and was apparently quite overcome. During the whole day, I was not one moment at rest; I

wandered from one room to another, and sent every instant to enquire concerning my protector's daughter. I stood by the door watching all who came from her room, and begged them to tell me every change they observed. Towards evening a packet was put into my hands; it contained receipts from every one of my creditors. There was no explanatory paper. Imagining it to be the gift of Doni, I determined to thank him; I went to his room; I found him lying upon his couch very much fatigued and exhausted; he was courting repose, but it was in vain; anxiety was painted upon his face, and grief seemed to stamp him with its chilling furrows. My first question was concerning his daughter. I then showed him the packet, and had begun to thank him, when he interrupted me. "Young man, thank not one, who wished that you should first have paid the price of your vices before he freed you from your embarrassments. I

had resisted my daughter's entreaties, till last night, she offered to give up her allowance, every thing, to free you; I refused, but I could not long do so, to a child I thought dying." I was thunderstruck, the packet fell from my hand; I thought I should have fallen through shame; but he spoke again, "Would that your apparent shame were the least security against your follies, but I believe you to be incurable." He motioned me away; I fell at his feet, and called Heaven to witness that I would never again partake of vicious pleasures. He raised me from the ground, pressed me to his bosom, and with a blessing told me, that if I kept this promise, he might yet be happy; he bade me leave him to his hopes, again embraced me, and I left him.

For the first time during the last many weary months, I felt something like repose in my mind. It seemed as if the vow I had made to heaven might be relied on, and as if I again might know

the consolation of a conscience at rest. That night I slept quietly and soundly, for Louisa was announced to be much better, and my heart felt a little repose. It was but to give me strength to bear worse than I had yet endured.

Next morning Louisa saw me, she was upon the bed of sickness, but she had partly recovered the shock my abrupt entry had caused her. I shall never forget the moment I entered. I had expected she would have received me with marks of horror; she smiled; oh, no! she did not hate me. I sate by her, she allowed me to take her thin cold hand within my own; it chilled my heart with its touch. There was a clear whitenes that overspread her face, where it was not tinged by the hectic flush, her eye shone with a glassy brilliancy that seemed not mortal, it was the glance of death mocking my senses through a beauteous vizor, for there were the seeds of death sown deep in her broken heart. She

spoke but little, what she did utter, however, were words of kindness, and they were all her weakness allowed her to say. She often turned her brilliant eyes upon me, and the soft smile upon her lip, I thought was excited by the gentle whisperings of hope, that I was snatched for ever from vice. The latter part of the morning was passed near her in a silence that was not mute, for there is a language which, though not addressed to the ear, still speaks the thought within. Her physician came and advised me to retire. I bade her farewell; an anxious look accompanied the words, where are you going? but when I intimated my determination of staying at home, I cannot describe to you the joy expressed upon her face as she repeated my farewell.

I had been so little at home, that I knew nothing of what had lately happened. I was, therefore, much surprised, when, upon desiring a servant, towards

night, to see if Doni was in his apartment, he refused, saying he had not courage. Upon making enquiries, I found that their master's supernatural powers had been much talked of lately amongst the servants; for during the latter days, unusual noises had been heard in his room, and every morning, all his things had been found in a strange confusion while he was apparently so exhausted, that it was evident he had had no rest during the night. Thinking all this very explicable from the state of anxiety in which he had been kept, I tried to convince the servant, but he appeared firm in his belief, and refused to carry my message.

Louisa seemed rapidly to recover strength. As we were in the very middle of summer it was thought proper by her physicians that she should be removed to a cooler situation than the neighbourhood of a great city. We accordingly retired to the banks of

the Lago Maggiore. The palace close to the lake was refreshed by the cooling breeze that passed over the water's vast expanse, and the playful fountains that sported with their noisy showers in the apartments towards the land, promised to shield the invalid from the noxious effects of an Italian sun; while the magnificent scenery of the varying basin before our view, seemed to promise relaxation to the mind. We arrived late at night, and immediately retired to our beds. I arose betimes, and issuing forth ascended the numerous terraces, which, one above another, seemed like the work of some enchanter. When viewed from the water's edge, garden seemed to be hanging above garden, as if man had acquired the power of piling nature's gifts even into the air. I did not heed this, for my native mountains were in sight; I did not gaze upon the rich islands, which seemed like fairy dwellings spring-

ing from the lake; I gazed upon Monte Rosa, which, high above the neighbouring hills, asserted the glory of its alpine birth. Though all around seemed burnt by the sun's ray, it mocked his power and bore its unvarying white vest, in defiance of his frown, upon its aged limbs. While yet engaged looking upon its high summit, with all the crowded images of infancy offered by my memory, my sister passed me. She seemed lately to have lost all her spirits, she did not appear to be attracted by the beautiful scene near us, or the sublimity of the alpine ridge beyond. She was gazing upon the ground, I joined her, she started, and with a trembling voice asked me, "Why I was come?" I answered her; at that moment I saw Olivieri turn the corner of the alley and approach; but immediately he saw me he retired, and I at the same time perceived that my sister was violently agitated. I looked at her,

and begged of her to tell me what I was to imagine; she hastily replied, "Nothing, nothing;" and her colour, which had deserted her at the sight of Olivieri, returned with greater rapidity than it had fled the moment before. I insisted upon an explanation; she said she was unwell, weak, and made other excuses of the same nature. I now remembered her agitation a few evenings before, when we were ininterrupted by the Count Wilhelm. I threatened, if she would not satisfy me, to seek an explanation from Olivieri. She fell upon her knees before me, begged me not, assured me that it concerned a third person. I was moved, I had the weakness to promise that I would seek no farther.

I had not seen my friend till this moment, since the payment of my debts; he had never been home, and I had not sought him. He had not accompanied us, and I had not been aware that he was

expected. I re-entered the house, hoping to find him; but no one had seen him, and he did not appear at breakfast.

Louisa made her appearance at that meal. You may imagine my pleasure at again seeing her out of her sick chamber. She made room for me by her side. I accompanied her into the orange-walk near the house, and I sat near her for two hours while she enjoyed the beauty of the scene. She looked at the Alps, then at me, it seemed as if the recollection of our first meeting passed through the minds of both. Involuntarily I opened the bosom of my vest and showed her the scarf, which I had constantly worn since that day. She smiled. "I did not think of this at that time," she said, "I did not know your name, but when the fame of Berchtold, Ernestus Berchtold, was echoed by the wild rocks to the voice of every peasant, I sighed and wished he might be the chamois hunter of the Wengern Alps. It was I sent the

saviour of my brother's life to battle. I sent the hero to aid in the rescue of his country; it was in vain, yet I was conscious of a feeling of pride whenever I thought of it." She spoke of my former life, and passed in silence over that part, when every moment had been spent in shame. I cannot describe my sensations to you. The feeling of how little I deserved such praise, mingling with the pleasure of hearing it from Louisa's lips, embittered what else would have been the proudest moment of my life. Her father joined us, and seemed pleased at seeing us together; he seated himself upon the other side of his daughter, and we spent the whole morning together in conversation, till the sun becoming too powerful, Louisa was obliged to retire for shelter and repose, and we separated.

Day passed after day, and Louisa's health seemed rapidly to recover; but my sister evidently became more and more restless. She generally avoided,

and very seldom sought our society. I knew not what to understand; determined however to force her to an explanation, I one evening, finding her alone, induced her to walk out with me. We wandered, without perceiving it, into the garden. She seemed determined upon silence. Wrapt in thought, the sun's red disk fast sinking in the west, the birds' evening carol, the varied light of the heavens reflected from the soft silky clouds over the purpling surface of the lake, the cooling breeze which played upon her feverish cheek, were all unnoticed. Yet she was wont, in all that feeling of nature's charms which accompanies youth, to gaze upon that orb, and figuring it as the image of that Providence she adored, think the birds sang hymns of thanks to him for all he gave. But now she passed, and all was unheeded. There was a seat upon the river's side, which, shaded by the plants that crept entangled round the branches of a noble chesnut, formed a

bower, whence all the beauties of the rich nature round could be viewed. I attempted in vain to enter upon the subject of what was causing this apparent misery in her breast; she was abstracted, and answered merely by monosyllables. I at last ceased to press her, and we both sunk into silence.

The spreading clematis of the bower hid us completely from the path near us, while its open leaves allowed us to see distinctly all that passed in the avenue. There was a wall of cypress which ran along one side of the gravel walk, fully exposed at this moment to the sun's rays. I saw at last approaching from the bottom, the Count our protector; he seemed in earnest conversation with some one, but I could perceive no one near him; yet his lips and hands certainly moved as if he spoke. As he gradually approached, I could even distinguish sounds. I motioned Julia to observe him; she did so and soon pointed to the

hedge. I could not at first see to what she directed my attention; but at last I perceived the outline of a figure, through the shape of whose body the very leaves were visible; something in the manner that I have seen in the summer, a current of heated air, accurately defined by the wavering outline of the things between which and our sight it stands, only that this was even more sensible to vision. I could not distinguish its voice, but I at last caught some of the words of Doni. I had hardly time to make these observations, when the Count seemed to start, and the figured vapour went.

We did not move; we for some time seemed rooted to our seats; at last Doni disappeared amidst the trees, and we looked at each other. It was then true what we heard at the lake of Thun, our protector had communication with a spirit. My sister seized the subject of conversation with avidity. We related to one another several slight circum-

stances, which had come to our knowledge; many incidents which we could not explain. The reluctance of the servants to approach the chambers of the Count all pressed upon our minds. The immense wealth, which seemed inexhaustible, must, it appeared to us, be connected with this untenanting spirit. We resolved not to mention the circumstance we had just witnessed to any one. But it was not effaced from our own memory. We returned to the house and saw our protector there as usual, but his face was, or I imagined it to be, pale; his eyes wandered, and then seemed to fix their angry glance at times upon us; but whether this were imagination or reality, I could not decide. I went to bed, but not to sleep, the thoughts of having seen an unembodied being, the tales of my foster-mother, of power, of wealth, arising from the communication with beings of another world, arose before me. Obtaining such a power, it seemed as if I might learn the things

hidden in the earth's deepest recesses, the ocean's depth; I even thought that by such a power, I might tear away the veil which the first Cause has thrown over itself. Nor did these visions disappear with the morning's light, they were as distinct in the sun's brightness, as in the night's obscurity. I arose determined to speak on the subject with the Count. He met me with an affectionate embrace; I took his hand, had the words upon my lips, when, meeting his eye, I saw expressed therein such anxious fear, such meaning, that the words fell into inarticulate sounds; instantly his eye was as usual; nothing but brilliancy was there. We went together to fetch Louisa from her apartment, and descended to the breakfast table.

Louisa seemed to take a great pleasure in my society, and sought in every way to bring me near her; she seemed afraid of trusting me to myself in my first steps towards retracing the paths of virtue.

She again resumed the subject which had formed the topic of conversation, before her fatal departure to visit her sick relation. She painted to me the charms of a religion, which taught us to look up to the infinite power above us, not as to an object of terror and fear, but of love and hope. Her mind, without losing the least of that delicacy which is the magic charm that spreads its influence round the footsteps of woman, was energetic and clear. Her simplicity was not misled by the winding, intricate sophisms of the deist and unbeliever; her belief was built upon persuasion, which, though it had at first depended upon faith, had not scorned the bulwarks of reason. The earnestness with which she spoke, did not make her appear bold or presuming; for the mild look of her dark eye seemed looking to heaven to beg for inspiration from him, whose cause her lips were pleading. She would often lead me towards the chapel, and without affectation, would

kneel down by my side motioning me to imitate her, and bending devoutly before her maker, would pray for me. I did not think of myself; but gazing upon that veiled eye, which did not seem to think itself worthy of looking towards the throne of God, while petitioning for strength against mortal weakness, a prayer would involuntarily rise from my heart for her. I did not feel the time long when near her, though it was even spent in prayer; to have communication with the Almighty in union with her, seemed to be an additional bond amongst those numberless ties which bound me to her. From the first moment that I had seen her, she seemed to visit this earth as my protecting angel; now it appeared as if such a being had led me to the throne of him of whose commands she was the bearer. I did not notice the lapse of months; and autumn had already vested the scene around with its checquered hues, ere this happiness was interrupt-

ed; I had even forgotten all my imaginations concerning the being attendant upon Doni. It seemed as if misfortune could no longer visit me; such is human foresight.

I have already mentioned to you the singularity of my sister's conduct; it grew more and more remarkable. She never came down in the morning, but, confined to her room, she spent the hours in solitude: when she did appear, it was but to retire to a corner, where, enveloping herself in her shawl, she apparently brooded over some thoughts that destroyed her peace. Her appearance was completely changed; her auburn hair, which once floated in ringlets of soft varying light upon her shoulders, was now entangled and neglected; her cheeks, on which was wont to play a hue more delicate than that of the white rose, were pale and sickly; her eyes no longe shone with sparkling lustre, they were now heavy and inflamed from the want of

sleep. I often saw the silent tears fall from her eye; but it was in vain to question her; she wept bitterly at every enquiry I made, and seemed agitated to the most violent excess whenever Olivieri's name was mentioned. I was bewildered by the enquiries of Doni and Louisa, who constantly expressed their anxiety concerning her.

We were assembled together at the breakfast table as usual one morning, and were conversing about Julia, who had made her appearance the evening before at the supper table, which she had not done for a long time, when a servant came to tell us that her maid had applied several times in the. course of the last hour for admission to her room, but that she could obtain no answer. Louisa offered to see if she could obtain admission; in vain, we went together; all, all was silent. We burst open the door, there was no one, every thing seemed in

disorder, the bed had not been slept in the last night; upon the floor there were many pieces of paper torn into fragments; and upon the table there was a note addressed to myself. I took it trembling, I was afraid she had committed some desperate act. I could not open it, but gave it into Doni's hand; he read it:

"My shame can be no longer hidden; I fly then to hide myself; curse not your sister, my own feelings are sufficiently bitter to satisfy even the injured honour of Berchtold.—Your degraded Julia."

I sunk upon the bed; Olivieri immediately presented himself to my mind as the seducer of my sister. I could not speak, and my friends were silent, they looked upon me with pity. I dared not inform them of my suspicions, they would bring the old man's grey hairs to their grave, and would cut off the feeble thread of life in Louisa. She bore up against the shock; and while the tear trembled in her

eye, she sat down by me, and strove to sooth, not console me, for that she knew was impossible.

Servants were sent in every direction. I searched all the neighbourhood. I determined instantly to go to Milan, and make enquiries directly from Olivieri, concerning the fate of my sister. I made a plausible excuse for my departure, and soon reached the Corso, Doni's palace. The servants had not seen him for some time. I forced myself to seek him in the places which had been my former resort. My late companions hailed my approach; but I turned from them in disgust. Olivieri had no where been heard of lately. Distracted by my suspicions, which now seemed to wear the semblance of certainty, after several days spent in the vain search, I returned to the Lake.

We soon fixed ourselves again at Milan. It was now impossible to keep his son's absence a secret from Doni. He learnt it, but did not seem to imagine

any connection between the flight of my sister and his son's conduct. Perceiving this, I did not intimate to him my horrible doubts, but left him in entire ignorance. In the mean time I made the most minute enquiries concerning both; but could learn nothing.

Louisa's health in the mean time gradually recovered; but she never lost the hectic flush upon her cheek; she gained strength, but the seeds of death were hidden, not destroyed. During her gradual recovery, I was always with her; and if you can picture the happy hours of one sitting by a being he loves — adores, at the same time, that his imagination paints her to him as a spirit of heaven, you may imagine my happiness, when sitting by Louisa, whose smile, whose glance told me she loved. She had gained me fame; had saved my life, my honour; had restored to me the hopes of a future state, the belief in a kind God. I know not your belief, your principles; you may sneer at the feeling

which dictates my ranking the two last with the former; but, young man! believe one who has experienced the whole of fate's wanton inflictions;—he who can still rest upon futurity, confident in the goodness of his maker, may find a refuge in the greatest misery; he who cannot, may indeed despair, he has but the present, and that may indeed be dreadful.

Louisa's image was always with me. I loved her, but so did every one; I could not for that reason hope to gain her. I was an orphan, how often has the thought of that sunk my buoyant hope, which still would revive. I had no rank. Count Wilhelm had again renewed his addresses. It seemed dishonourable in me to continue any longer near her, endeavouring to gain her affections; it seemed as if the debt of gratitude I owed to Doni forbade my attempting to gain his daughter. The count had rank and wealth. I could not hope that her father should prefer me, degraded by vice, my birth perhaps tainted with

dishonour, to one whose name was a spell upon all Europe. I had determined to leave Milan, and to plead the necessity of further enquiries for my sister. Doni approved of my intentions, and in a few days I was to set off. I had been preparing for my departure, and had been talking to the servant about the trifles necessary for a solitary journey; it was not yet the hour for the company to assemble, and lost in sorrow I was slowly approaching the saloon, when those notes which had sung hope to me in prison, sounded on the air. They were falling upon the breeze broken, and in a melancholy tone; 'though the air was lively, it seemed as if Louisa sought to sing of hope, while her heart could not echo back the strain. I had not heard the song since I sunk into vice. The sound was silenced, I entered; Louisa was leaning upon her harp, her head was fallen upon her hand. There was no light, and the lowering clouds hid the little daylight that might

have been afforded by the setting sun. I could just distinguish her form, almost lost in the obscurity; suddenly she moved, struck her harp in wild notes, and sung the words of a broken heart. I could not hear more; Louisa's name fell from my lips; "Sing not so, Louisa; if you have not happiness, who shall possess it?" She sunk upon a chair, and I approached. "You leave me to morrow," she said, "I shall no longer have any one to cheer me, any one, whom I can"— She stopped and hesitated. I stood breathless by her side. "I shall, I will return." "You will find me a corpse, I feel no power of life within me, it seems as if my soul still clung to life that it might converse with you, when you are gone." I took her hand; I bade her, if she loved me, not to speak in words that pierced my heart. "Love you," she answered, "you cannot know what I feel towards you, I am myself ashamed that any can divide my heart with God, but you—"

I fell upon my knees. "I will not go, I cannot, Louisa has confessed her love, she loves the orphan Berchtold, if that words could express the least part of what I feel, I would speak. I love you, let my silence speak the rest." I felt her feeble hand press mine, she had fainted, her weak health had not given her strength to listen. We had not heard the storm which had burst over our heads, I had not seen the flashes of heaven's anger, which had unobserved spread its lurid light around us. I lifted her in my arms, carried her to her chamber, and delivered her to her maid. She recovered.

I was alone; the thunders echoed still in the distance, and the horizon was lit by the forked lightning. But in my breast the convulsions were not subsiding. At the first moment it seemed as if happiness indeed were mine; but Doni's image came quickly across my mind, and all I owed him seemed to be imaged as so many reproaches for my having stolen

the affections of my benefactor's daughter. The company assembled, but I could not join them. The tumult in my breast was too powerful to allow me to participate in the light frivolity of a drawing room. I retired to my chamber, and was soon lost in meditation upon that fatality, which made the very circumstance on which I had rested as the bourne of all my hopes, a cause of anguish and reproach. I determined to see the Count immediately after the company had retired. No malefactor, who is listening in expectation of hearing the lengthened toll, warning him of the executioner's approach, ever counted the moments with greater anxiety than mine. The clock struck, and each brazen sound seemed to vibrate through my body, as if it bore grief upon its sound. At last the carriages began to depart, and I entered the apartment of my friend. I had never dared to call him father, it seemed to my

mind too sacred a title to be profaned by me; he was Louisa's father.

I had been some time in his apartment before he entered. He came, his face was full of anxiety. "My daughter," he said, "I fear is going to relapse, something has agitated her strongly, and she will not tell even her father what it is. Berchtold," he continued, "you have never before seen a father in the agony that I endure, my daughter's life sinks visibly before me, and I cannot discover the cause. You have therefore no conception of the pain it brings." I knew not what to say. "Olivieri too is, I know not where, perchance in the haunt of the lowest vice, perhaps acting again the hero, as when with you. You are not my child, yet you now form my only comfort, my only hope." I could not hear more;—he praise me! who had, like the snake stinging the child enchanted by the beauty of its scales, robbed him of his treasure, insidiously won his daughter's love; I inter-

rupted him. "I am a wretch, not worthy of your affection, your daughter loves me, I have dared to tell her she was my only hope; spurn me from you, I expect it; but do not blame her." I fell upon my knees, "Do not blame her for loving such a wretch as me, she pitied me and my daring devotion changed pity into love." My head was hid within my hands, I expected to be cursed by him I looked up to as a father. He raised me from the ground. "Ernestus, this is nobly spoken, I will not reproach you with your former vices, Louisa shall be security to me, that you will always prove what you now show yourself." I was amazed; I embraced him, but could not speak. Louisa was to be mine,—my guide, my wife. At that moment happiness seemed to be descending from heaven to be our handmaid, while in fact despair and horror were preparing their flight from the lowest abyss to wait upon our nuptials.

Next morning I was admitted to

Louisa's chamber; I told her that her father had consented to our union. A gleam of joy crossed her pale face, she said she was happy, but those words were in a broken and weak voice. I heeded it not, so great was my joy, I sat with her, she listened to my plans of happiness, and smiled; it seemed as if she were conscious of there being but to be imagined. I was at last called away by my own servant, who putting a letter in my hand, told me that he had found it thrown in at the door. It was my sister's hand writing; fearful of agitating Louisa, I hastily put it into my bosom, and making an excuse left her. When in my chamber, I opened the note. The lines were few:

"A mother appeals for her child to your charity, she has but a short time to live, but her child has not a broken heart. Julia."

Berchtold had been written, but a tear had effaced the characters. There was the name of an obscure street in the most retired part of Milan.

I immediately repaired thither, and soon found myself in an abode of misery I cannot describe. It was upon the highest story, the roof in several parts let in the hot ray of the sun, and the window was not glazed, but stuffed with dirty rags. It could not be called a shelter, for the floor bore on its black soft texture the marks of every cloud that had passed over it. In one corner there was a bedstead, over which was spread a blanket, that seemed not to have been removed for many years, it was so black and thick with dirt. A broken dish and rags, which I but too well recognized as the remnants of my sister's dress, were the only things upon the floor. I heard a difficult breathing, which proceeded from the bed. I approached, and found my sister. She was pale and squalid, her hair, entangled and loose, covered her face and bosom, and her clasped hands hung from the bed. She was apparently asleep, and her child was grasping her

breast with its little hand, trying in vain to obtain sustenance from its fevered mother. I stood for some time gazing upon her; finding she slept soundly, I descended the creaking stairs, and sending some person of the house for clothes and food, I waited till they returned and carried them up with me. The noise I made awakened her, she shrunk from me; "I did not call you for myself, but this child's cry pierced my heart, — do, do not therefore curse me, if I have even brought you to witness your sister's infamy. I could not die and leave my child sinking unaided upon my putrid corpse." I spoke kindly to her, she looked upon me, aud said, "Ernestus," with an incredulous voice, and burst into tears. I soothed her, spoke to her of her child, induced her to take a little nourishment, and saw her feed her little babe. She looked at its eager eye and face while feeding, at moments hugged it to her bosom, while a stifled laugh escaped her;

she did not seem to notice me, and I spoke not. At last she fell exhausted upon the bed. I gave her the clothes I had brought, she did not heed me.

I hastened to Doni, related what I had seen; he ordered every thing to be got ready at the palace, and procuring a litter he accompanied me to the abode of my wretched Julia. At sight of him, she hid her face, and would not speak. I had her conveyed to the litter with her child, and we arrived at the palace. The physician of the family being sent for, announced to us, that from the state of exhaustion, into which she had fallen, there were but a few hours remaining of her life. I watched by her all night, she did not speak; I took Louisa for my model, and spoke to her of those hopes which had seemed on her lips to have the power of soothing sickness, and to still the fears of death. She was moved by what I said, for her cold hand pressed mine. I put questions to her with regard to her seducer; she was silent;

but a convulsive motion seemed to seize her whole features. I urged her no more. She seemed to revive a little in the morning; auguring well from it, I began to speak to her of her child, talked to her of its health, said it should be named Ernestus, and promised that I would be its father. She raised her fallen head, and looking with teais in her eyes, blessed me, but hardly had the words fallen from her lips, when shuddering, she said, "my blessing! that, that's a curse." I took her to my breast, she shrunk from me, "you know not whom you embrace. "It is my sister, whom I hold in my arms," I cried, she burst into loud sobs, and fell again, upon her pillow. "You shall hear, she replied, what a sister!" She prepared to relate to me the whole of her late history; I advised her to repose awhile first. "Well, well, I shall have the less time to feel the blush of shame, and to hear your reproaches, 'tis better so." She fell asleep after uttering these words, but she was restless,

her face was convulsed, and the twitching of her arms began to give the signs of the rapid approach of death.

I seized this moment of apparent rest to enquire for Louisa. She was much better; we had kept our discovery of Julia a secret, fearful of agitating her too much; I determined therefore to see her, lest, making some enquiry concerning me, she might hear how I was engaged. I entered her room, and staid with her for some time; she spoke of her love, and added, that all that she thought wanting was the presence of her brother and Julia.. I could not answer, but rose, and again went to my unconscious sister. She was disturbed in her sleep, and was calling upon Louisa's name; she seemed to reproach her for not seeing her; but then she appeared to meditate and said; "true, true, I am an outcast." She awoke, looked wildly around, met my eye. She was lost some time in thought, and then addressed me; "I know what you are waiting for

but ere I unfold the whole of my shame, give me your solemn promise that you will grant your sister her last dying request." I gave it her. "You will then never mention to either of my former friends what I narrate, and you will let me die, certain that you will never injure him that ruined me, for still, still I love him." I assured her, that I would leave it to heaven to punish him, for I was conscious it was Olivieri, Louisa's brother. It was him, the account that I had given of his bravery in the Swiss war, the description I had made of his daring feats had gained an entire possession of her imagination. When, therefore, she met him at Milan, his beauty, his specious manner and apparent knowledge had completed her fascination. I myself, when bewildered by doubts, had sapped the foundation of her religious principles; and Olivieri, who was not blind to her partiality, had fanned the spark of scepticism, till he had destroyed all belief in virtue and a future state. I

lost myself at the gambling table; and my conduct was but an additional proof in her mind, that the present was all that belonged to man. Before we left Milan, the seducer accomplished his criminal purpose. Though however, she had become a convert to his theories, she could not divest herself of all feeling of shame, much less could she entirely drive from her heart those doctrines which Berchtold had instilled at that age when the first impressions become part of our very nature; they hung around her, and haunted her day and night; she had sought for courage to apply to Louisa or myself in her difficulties, but had not dared.

Her mind being in this state, she described the effect upon it, at sight of that being almost lost amidst the ambient air in coversation with Doni, as wonderful. Her mind had immediately recovered its elasticity, for she hoped, if she could obtain communication with such a being, to be able to find some certainty amidst the hor-

rid doubts that revelled in her mind, and to procure the means of hiding her shame, or daring to face the day, by means of its power. Determined to learn the spell which could raise a transparent, all-pervading being, she resolved to watch, without remission, the conduct of the Count; she learnt nothing for some time. He apparently differed in no habit from the others around. But the impression in her mind was not effaced: at last it appeared to her that upon certain days, the Count never touched animal food, and she found by observation that this happened on every combination of seven in the days of the month. Upon enquiry amongst the servants, she found that upon the morning of those days, the room of Doni was always in the greatest confusion, and she herself remarked, that upon the evening preceding, he seemed always more anxious, and the day after more fatigued than usual.

Julia resolved to watch the Count upon the

next seventh night; she found that it was possible to look into his room through the wainscot of a closet for wood that opened into the passage leading to his apartment. The night came, meat had been avoided, all were gone to their rooms, only the footsteps of the domestics arranging every thing for rest, sounded on her ear; she described herself, as having listened apparently for hours, though only minutes elapsed, while these sounds continued. At last, all was silent; she said, that not even the vine leaves overspreading her casement were heard to rustle; for every breeze was hushed, all was so quiet, that the ear seemed to feel as it were the silence. She was awed, her heart beat quick, she held her breath; at that moment she thought a slow step sounded along the corridor; alarmed she knew not why, she seized her lamp, and was upon the point of rushing out, when the door slowly opened, and a figure clad in a white robe entered; its dark black eye was fixed;

its grey locks seemed as if no breath of air could move their weight; no sign of life, save the moving feet belonged to it, for the face was pale, the lips bluish. It approached with an unvarying step; it was Doni! its hand took her's within its cold grasp, its eye shone, as if a tear had passed over it, its lips quivered as if it wished to speak, or thought it spoke. She stood still, motionless; while it approached, it seemed as if she had strength for any thing, but when it turned to go, the lamp fell from her hand, and she fell upon the floor. It was morn, ere her wildered senses returned, it was too late. Doni never noticed in any way the event of that night. She was bewildered, she knew not what to think, it seemed from his unchanged conduct towards her, that he was unconscious of the event. Yet she asserted that she could not have mistaken the features of him who had visited her in that awful manner; her imagination laboured, her judgment laid down the ba-

lance and became as dead. Her phantasy painted to her mind pictures of splendour and of power, more brilliant than those of the Arab tale-teller, or God creating Bramin. But more than all, it represented to her the means of ensuring Olivieri's love, which she could no longer flatter herself she possessed; he had not seen her, but for a moment, since she had left Milan dishonoured, and then it was but to laugh at her fears, which she was but too conscious were not in vain.

Day followed day towards the seventh. At times she caught Doni's eye fixed upon her, as if it sought to read her mind; but she thought this might be imagination, yet it seemed to her as if her intentions were divined, and that from some cause or other, they could not be opposed, else why this silence? The fatal night came. Julia, determined to brave every thing, went down that evening, which she had not lately done, to supper. Her agitation was great,

but she forced herself to conceal it. She was conscious the Count's eyes were fixed upon her's, yet she dared not to look up and meet his. She rose to depart, he came to her to say good night, his voice failed him, his hand shook. She retired to her room; she determined, frightened by the awful silençe of her protector, to give up her intention. She threw herself upon her bed, but sleep abandoned her, or if it for a moment came, it presented such brilliant visions to her eye, that nothing mortal was to be compared to it. She seemed to have spirits instead of pages to attend her, genii instead of servants. It seemed as if at their bidding the very earth would heave and show within its entrails, all its richest treasures. Olivieri appeared joined with her in this state of power. She roused herself. The clock with its solemn peal seemed trembling to intrude upon the solemn night. One might have thought nature were dead, for not even the owl shrieked, and

the darkness and nocturnal sleep that weighed on the earth, seemed no longer the type of the eternal rest of the world, but its fulfilment, all appeared sunk into such undisturbed repose. Julia alone seemed living, she looked in the creation like the Arab in the sandy plain, animate amidst inanimation, organized amidst unorganized matter. Even she must have appeared as if she were some spirit of another more restless sphere, for her hurrying glance, the fearful resolution breathing in her face, must have made her bear the stamp of something more than mortality. She seized her lamp, started, then advanced, and laughed with that laugh which plays upon the lips, when the heart ceases to beat through violence of feeling.

At last she reached the gallery of her protector's room; she opened with a trembling hand, the door of the adjoining closet, and entered. The dread silence still continued, it was only broken by the

loud breathing of her heaving bosom. She sat down upon the pile of wood in the corner of the closet. She could not find courage to pursue her undertaking; at last a deep groan made her start; terrified she leant against the wall; as she gradually recovered herself, she raised her eyes, and looked through a crevice that opened to her sight the Count's room. I could not learn what she saw, she however informed me that she discovered the means of raising a superior being; but that startled at his appearance, she had sunk to the ground. She found herself, when recovered, upon her bed, but no one was near her. She determined to put her power into effect the ensuing night. She would not join the family at breakfast, but remained in her room all day. She did attempt to raise a spirit, but what was her horror, when the walls of her apartment echoed but scoffs and mockings, they seemed to say that she needed not a greater price than the grati-

fication of her passions, and that they would not give her more; that she was theirs already, and that to command them could only be obtained by one not already damned. Unappalled she repeated her call, but it was in vain, all sunk to quiet. Desperate, for her shame could no longer be hidden, she formed at once the resolution of leaving the house and seeking her seducer. She got out, and entering a boat, managed by skulking along the banks of the lake throughout the day, to arrive in the night at Sesto Calende; she thence easily obtained a conveyance, and reached Milan.

She had sought refuge at a small inn, and sending to Olivieri, he came to her, but it was only to make fully known to her the horrors of her situation. It appears he treated her with brutality, though she did not say so. He staid with her but a few minutes, and left her for ever. He offered her no assistance, seemed even to have implied that

if unwilling to return to her brother, she might live by exposing her shame to all, and boldly seeking whom she might inveigle. He left her with only the small sum remaining from what she had taken with her, and immediately left Milan to go she knew not where. She had thence retired to the room where I had found her, and had there managed to support life, and was delivered of her child. Her money however failed her, and, at last, her poor neighbours, tired of assisting her who could no longer pay them, having refused to aid her any more, she had struggled with the pains of hunger for two days in solitude, hoping for relief from death. But her milk had failed, and her child's voice had pierced its mother's heart; she could not resist such an appeal; she arose, wrote the few lines to me, and staggering, in the morning while all were at rest, to the gate of the palace, had thrown them under the gate. From thence she had hardly found strength suf-

ficient to reach her miserable couch, when fatigued, she sunk into a kind of stupor from which my approach had roused her.

This is the substance of what my sister told me. Her narration was broken, and many were the pauses she was forced to make to recover strength. Her feeble breath hardly seemed sufficient to allow her to end her tale. Night came, and she was delirious. She screamed for Olivieri, called on him to come and see her die. She held my hands, and looking on me asked me my name, denied it could be me, for I could not be more kind than Olivieri; but why rest upon such a scene? She died in the morning without a return of reason, but still calling, in the last moment, upon her lover.

My sister was dead. Her tale had unfolded to me the causes whence her misconduct arose. I was the source of all, my colouring of Olivieri's good qualities, my exposing to her the sources of doubt in those doctrines our sainted foster-father had taught us, my example in the

career of vice were the causes of her fault—her death. It was yet but the second victim to my fate; there were two others wanting; I sat by the dead body reflecting upon the horrible fatality that had caused my virtues and my vices to prove alike mortal to the two beings who for many years had been the only companions I possessed in nature, the only sympathizers in my joys and sorrows. If the pangs of conscience could be depicted, I would, for your sake, young man, paint in its truest colours, the horror I then felt, the pangs I now feel; but the attempt would be vain. I had loved my sister with all that affection two isolated beings naturally feel towards each other. She had been to me as the weaker part of myself, which always needed protection and defence. To me she had been the holder of all my secrets, the partaker of all my sorrows; when an outcast, she had received me; when a wretch, she had not spurned me.

No one was with me when she died. The servant of Louisa found me many hours after her decease, extended upon her corpse. She came from her mistress to seek me. I rose; I knew not how to conceal the anguish of my mind. Louisa soon discovered it, and obtained from me the knowledge of my sister's illness and death. She did not enquire further; she perceived I was not willing she should know the rest, and was silent. I was astonished to see how firmly she bore the shock, she exerted herself to find some means of allaying my grief, but she did not know that it was conscience that worked within. I left her, and her pretended strength was gone. She had forced herself to assume an apparent calm to assuage my grief, but could not command her own.

My sister was interred privately. Doni and myself, were the only mourners, and a tablet, with merely the name of Julia Berchtold, marked the spot where my

sister lay. Her child was put to nurse. I gave him his mother's and my own name, that I might still have a bond between us. Every day I went to see the little orphan, and taking him from the fearful nurse, I gazed upon his infantile face, while a bitter tear fell from the eye of him who had been the cause of his birth being loaded with infamy and shame. While I looked upon him he would smile, but that smile brought to my mind my sister's; it was a melancholy playing of the lips, that seemed to mock at the pleasure that excited it; the eye was not lit up with the same feeling, but still appeared absorbed in its continued grief.

ERNESTUS BERCHTOLD.

PART THIRD.

I HAD already undergone more than falls to the lot of most men in this valley of miseries; but I was not allowed repose; from this moment my heart was torn piece-meal, by fiends each more horrible than the other. Not many days had elapsed since Julia's death, when Olivieri's father received an anonymous warning to prepare himself for the worst news. The letter was dated Strasburgh. Next day he read in another letter, that his son, under an assumed name, had been taken with several others of a band of robbers,

who had for a long time infested the banks of the Rhine. Doni had now become aged and infirm, he was not capable of undergoing the fatigues of a long journey, yet it was hardly possible to hinder him from setting off, to attempt saving his only son. He blessed me when I insisted upon performing that office. "You have twice saved his life in the field of honour, may you be as successful in snatching him from the death of infamy." He gave me unlimited power, and rushed into his daughter's apartment to seek there for the comfort all else seemed to deny him.

I departed, travelled night and day, I saw Switzerland again, but did not even notice it, my mind was anxious, was alarmed; it seemed as if heaven wished by repeated inflictions of its bitterest curses, to humble to the dust the family circle of my protector. I was so rash, that for a moment I dared to question Providence. So weak is all mortal know-

ledge; misery is but the fruit of vice, virtue never feels the world's infamy; there is a heavenly beam of certainty in the merciful justice of their God that enables the just to look upon all the inflictions of this life, but as the most lenient atonement due to a tender, though offended father, for those weaknesses belonging even to our nature.

I arrived at Strasburgh; its fretted spire, rising high above the houses, upon the far extended plain, for a long time marked the bourne to which I was tending, while the winding road that forms the approach, seemed to mock my endeavours to reach it. Justice had been summary, there had not even been a regular trial, but a court martial had been summoned, and instantly had condemned the prisoners to death. A respite had however been granted for a few days, in consequence of the hopes entertained of inducing some individual to betray the secret retreats of their comrades. I im-

mediately proceeded to the prison and asked admission. Application being made to the governor, and it being evident that I was not one of the gang, I obtained it. I entered; bolt after bolt slowly sounded as they were forced from their rusty clasps; and I found myself in a low gallery, the damp was slowly falling in measured drops from the arched vault above, and the coldness of the chilly air made me shiver. The jailor bore a torch before me; its red light at last rested upon the strong fastenings to a narrow door. I gave him money, and seizing the torch, entered.

Upon a little straw, covering a few loose stones in a corner, lay a form, which seemed reckless of all. The light of the torch did not cause it to move, its hands were upon its face, clenched; its whole posture was strained, as if by the convulsive stiffening of its limbs it would harden itself against the inflictions of the mind. I could not speak; thrice I strove

to utter the name of Olivieri, and thrice it stuck in my throat. "Speak, I can listen to my fate," Olivieri at last said in a hurried voice, "Death they say silences all voices, if it can silence that which echoes through the chambers of my breast, scaring oblivion and repose, I shall be content to die, though on the wheel, waiting, when all my limbs are crushed, for that repose the iron bar may give." He did not move, but seemed to mutter this, addressing himself as much as me. "Olivieri," at last fell trembling from my lips. He with one exertion stood erect; his eyeballs straining in their sockets, seemed to seek the horrid certainty they knew would blast them. Berchtold appeared before him. He threw himself upon the straw, and with a hand clenching with furious grasp his long black hair, he seemed to force his head upon the ground, fearing his eyes should again turn upon me. I sate upon the stones at his side, laid my hand upon him, bade him be comforted. He

shrunk as if my touch froze him. I told him of my hopes of obtaining his release, of the wealth I could employ in bribing his judges. He looked up; "You talk to me of mercy; Julia was seduced by me." "I know it," I replied, "it is your father, who acts by me, I am but my benefactor's agent. For him I am to attempt to save his son." "His son?" he echoed in a faultering voice, "true, I was his son." I in vain asked him for information on which to proceed; he would give me none. I left him.

I applied to the court which had passed his sentence. I saw the members who had composed it in private. They gave me an account of the desperate gang to which he had belonged, and painted in horrid colours the devastations they had committed in the French territory. It appeared that Olivieri had put himself at the head of these outlaws, and had with the most daring rashness and carelessness of life, always eluded the numbers that

often seemed to surround him. I made those who appeared favourable to my pleading great presents, under the pretence of enabling them to aid the furtherance of my objects. Amongst the others, the governor seemed to have the most influence. I gave him immense sums, which he promised to expend for the prisoner's advantage. The next day was appointed for the execution. I had not seen Olivieri again, I was anxious not to encourage too much his hopes of life, while all seemed uncertain. I called early in the morning, upon the governor; I saw him. He raised my expectations very high, he said, that if I could but find the slightest pretence for a respite, that it was determined to grant it. "If I were to judge by your riches, he and yourself must be of higher rank than you pretend." I had concealed both our names. "Now, if you can but show that some one of influence is interested in his fate, we will admit of an appeal." Rashly I

was induced to utter the names of Olivieri Doni, and Ernestus Berchtold. I was surprised at seeing the man before me turn of a most deadly pale. His limbs seemed to fail him, but he in an instant recovered himself; his voice alone betrayed an emotion I could not understand. He assured me that he would instantly occupy himself about it, and I left him. An hour afterwards I received a note from him saying, that I should prepare a a carriage and post horses upon the bridge, and as the clock struck the first hour of the morning, that I should present myself at the prison door, where I should meet my friend. That this had been thought the best means of allowing his escape. Passports were enclosed, which would allow us to pass the bridge, and we should then be in safety. I immediately prepared every thing, anxious for the arrival of the moment when I was again to save the brother of Louisa.

Towards evening, restless, I issued out.

I wandered up and down that part of the main street, which, covered by arcades, brought to my recollection the towns of my native country. Memory was rapidly crowded with the images of infancy, while the evening tints, and the stillness of nature soon enabled me to abstract myself entirely from the surrounding objects. I at last found myself in the cathedral. There was no one there, even devotion seemed for a while to have laid aside its pomp to enjoy the balmy freshness of an April evening. I had at last advanced into the most obscure part of the aisle; when turning round, a light figure dressed in the singular vestment of the neighbouring peasantry, caught my eye. Her step was hurried, and her head moved anxiously as if seeming to shun observation. Thinking that my presence might be painful, I was retiring, when she beckoned to me. I stood still, and she was immediately by my side. She hastily addressed me. "You are a

friend of Olivieri Doni's, you perceive from my knowing his name, that I am in his confidence. He once professed love to me, he has probably done so to many more, who are now like me ashamed of their name; but even if I told it you, it would be useless. Hoping to be of service, and anxious to hear of him who still possesses my affection, though he has broken the peace of her, who loves him; but I deserve it, for I am guilty, he cannot love guilt; I am so lowered, that I was not ashamed to gain my object, by seeking one of the prison guard. I have just left him intoxicated. From him I learnt, while he was blabbing all, that he was called upon to perform a service this night in the course of his duty, that he disliked. I gained from him that he was to belong to a party, who were to lurk in one of the streets and seize my lover and yourself, at the moment you thought yourselves secure of freedom, for that the police

were anxious to take you, who, they suspected belonged to the same gang; and therefore had resolved to arrest you, while engaged in aiding the escape of your friend, which alone will ensure your condemnation." I was astonished, could I then be so shamefully betrayed? I immediately remembered the sudden emotion of him, who had promised so much, when he heard our names, and it flashed upon my mind, that I had a faint recollection of his name as being that of an officer in the French troops opposed to us in the Underwald, who having been placed in a post of importance, had been surprized by Olivieri and myself, and had been, in consequence of his precipitate flight, broken and disgraced. It was now nearly dark, I could not think of deserting Olivieri without still attempting his rescue. The girl's information might be false. I spoke with her, she appeared sincere; I offered her money, she refused it; my case was desperate, I determined to confide in her,

I got her to lead me to the neighbourhood of the prison, and show me all the turnings and secret cuts through the different streets. I soon gained a perfect idea of the plan of this part of the town, and I began to hope in consequence of the intricacy and number of turnings in this neighbourhood that I might elude the ambush, if I could at any point break through the guards. I did not entirely open my plan to my guide, but asked her if she knew of any certain place of refuge, whither I could retreat in case of need. She led me and showed me her apartment, it was miserable, but there was an air of neatness about it that seemed, in contradiction with the poverty, visible in every article. "If you can arrive here without being observed, you are safe."

To avoid suspicion, I immediately left her and returned to my hotel, which was close to the river. The hour approached, I armed myself with a sabre and a pair of

pistols, and hiding under my large Italian cloak another sword and pair of fire arms, I sauntered negligently out of the inn door, and calling my servant, I told him in a loud voice to take care the horses were ready, as I intended to set off the moment I had fixed on. This I did to blind any one, who might be watching my motions. Then turning down some of the most abrupt windings, I first went whither I had learnt the different parties were to be placed. By means of keeping close to a shaded part of the walls of the streets, which being lit by a single reverberating lamp suspended in the middle between the houses, were rather dark, I could approach very near them without being perceived. I discovered one point which I thought weaker than the rest, for the number of the men seemed smaller, the silence being greater. I then returned, entered the main street leading to the prison, and soon found myself at its gate, without meeting any one. The

high narrow windowed walls, were suddenly illuminated by the moon bursting in all its splendour from behind a cloud, and high above my reach I perceived some one watching me, he retreated and I heard the gates open. I could not perceive who was there, for the hollow opening was in the dark shadow thrown over it by a salient buttress. My heart beat violently. It might not be Olivieri, a person was pushed out, I heard the words, "I am free," spoken in a voice that denoted the despair within. I approached, it was Olivieri. Throwing off my mantle, I stood before him; he did not notice me, though the moon's ray was full upon us. I roused him, thrust the sword and pistols into his hand, and bade him follow me. "We are not safe, we must baffle the traitors yet," said I, "be firm, we have escaped greater perils than these, follow me." His broken voice, merely answered, "To death."

I hastened towards the point I thought the weakest. A shrill whistle sounded at our back, and we found ourselves surrounded. The first who approached, were dead at our feet. They retreated before us, we had broken their circle and were already free towards the street down which it was necessary to turn. "Now to the right," I cried to my companion. A shot struck him and he fell; I rushed to the spot hoping that he might rise. I struck on every side determined not to leave him in their hands, their numbers increased, but at the same time I heard a trampling of feet at my back; desperate, I rushed forward; a female shriek struck my ear, and at the same time I found myself joined by about twenty men. Their blows told, we caused the town-guard to retreat I could not again find Olivieri's body. I rushed along the streets, and was soon at the young woman's door. I heard voices; alarmed, I listened, they were evidently from their conversation trying to

console some one. I knocked, a female voice immediately exclaimed, "'Tis he," and the door was opened. I entered, Olivieri was extended upon a couch, attempting to write a few lines; he had just finished. Around him were many men in a strange uncouth garb. They were his former companions, who having received the same intelligence from the girl as myself, had resolved to attempt a rescue, and had stolen singly into the town. Olivieri gave me what he had written, it was to his father; his pale face was turned towards me, his feeble arm could hardly support its own weight. "Berchtold, I have not deserved the risking yourself for me; can, can you forgive me dying." "I do," was my answer, and I held his extended hand. He threw himself upon his bed, and in a stifled voice, "There is another, whose forgiveness I do not ask, but tell, oh! tell her, it was her shame that has damned me, that made me desperate, damned me." "She's dead, she

too would have forgiven you; she died speaking of you, but not cursing you." His limbs were instantly relaxed, and moved no more.

We were now aroused by the entry of another robber, the soldiers were approaching, I begged of them not to leave the body of my Louisa's brother to their insults; they lifted it from the couch, and placed it in a recess so artfully contrived, that it bid defiance to the most accurate search, and they promised me they would return and bury it. We took the young woman with us, and separating, we singly hastened to a spot by the river's side, where we hoped to find boats. Ten only reached it, we entered a small wherry. The town was in such confusion that the necessary orders had not been sent to the different boundaries. We let the boat float down the stream, and soon found ourselves beyond the fortifications. We landed on the German side, and presently reached one of the dwellings of the free-

booters. I now learnt that it was this same girl, who had written the anonymous letter to her lover's father. I offered her a considerable sum of money, again offered to secure her an independence, she refused it all, and insisted upon remaining with those men amongst whom she had first known Olivieri. I remained with them a considerable time, anxious to see the body of my former friend secure against any insult, and before I left them, aided by the daring of these men, who managed to enter the town and take the body from its secret hiding place, I had the satisfaction of consigning him to the earth. I gave them all the loose money remaining with me, secure upon my letters of credit of having more than enough to convey me whither I liked.

I reached Inspruck, not deeming myself safe in any part of the French territory, I determined to remain here, and I wrote to Doni merely mentioning that I

had been unsuccessful, and telling him where I had stopped. I thought it best not to tell him more for fear of my letter being intercepted, and hoping that when I saw him I should be able to break the fatal news to him. My last hope was vain, for all the papers and public prints contained a full account of the daring attempt I had made to save a robber from the ignominious sentence of the law. Our real names were also mentioned, and at the same time that many rested upon the courage, they pretended had been shown in this attempt, many took advantage of the connection of our names with a gang of robbers to throw discredit upon our former conduct in the cause of Switzerland. It was soon known through my banker, at Inspruck, that I was the notorious Ernestus Berchtold, and I was surrounded by people, who were glad to seek some refuge from their ennui, in gazing upon one, whose name seemed to have something like romance attached to it.

Count Doni arrived, Louisa too, though weak and feeble, still in better health than when I had last seen her, accompanied him. She had been forced to exert herself to support her father under his anxiety for his son, and then under the severe blow of seeing his own name in all the prints, known to all as the father of Olivieri, 'a captain of banditti.' The spring had given her the requisite strength, and I was glad, after so long an absence, to see her once more sitting by my side with renovated life. I could not take my eyes from her, and I rested upon her face so long, that I gradually forced myself to hope that her hectic flush was but her natural colour. We were constantly together, and tried in each other's presence to forget the griefs that weighed upon us both. I had given the last lines of my former friend to his father. He had read them in his own room, and though when we next met I remarked that his eye turned upon me

wet with tears, as he evidently did not intimate the least inclination to expose to me what his son had written, I did not seek to learn the substance of Olivieri's note; though I was anxious to learn whether he had disclosed his conduct towards Julia. We never after mentioned his name, and we tried to keep the thoughts of his melancholy fate out of our minds, by resting upon our hopes of Louisa's welfare.

Count Wilhelm, whom I have before mentioned, found us on his way to his native country; hearing of our being at the same hotel, he sent in his name to my friend. Day after day he remained at Inspruck. The whole of the evening was spent with us in our apartment, and he seemed to seek more and more the means of showing attentions to Louisa. At first I was not disturbed by them, but at last I became fretful and irritable, for it appeared as if Louisa took a pleasure in his conversation. I had heard so much

of his power of attaching women, that it seemed impossible for her to resist him. Every thing he did, though the most simple action, was perverted in my mind, to a covert sneer at my poverty and insignificance. I often answered him abruptly, and even insulted him. Louisa's meek eye turned upon me, but it seemed to have lost its influence. I one night found him by her side, he seemed to be earnestly pleading, he had hold of her hand, and she smiled. Stung to the quick by so slight a circumstance, I turned furiously away and retreated to my chamber. Had Berchtold taught me to command my passions, had he but shown me as models for my conduct, men, in the privacy of life, I might have escaped much. It is vain to rest upon it. I had thought that Louisa's influence over my mind, would have hindered me ever again losing myself, hurried away by any passion. But here Louisa's form arose in all the hideousness of jealousy's

distorting mirror! I was mad. My clenched fist struck the table, I could not command myself. I remained some time in this state, when turning my eyes towards my bureau, I perceived an almanack; I seized it in mockery; I counted up the days since she had told me she loved me. I was suddenly struck, it was the 28th day of the month, it was a combination of seven. It seemed as if by one exertion I might free myself from doubt, and be at once lost in the horrible certainty, or be for ever blest in the knowledge of Louisa's heart.

I did not reflect; the hour struck; I seized my lamp, and rushing out was already close to the apartment of Doni, when wavering on the wick the flame suddenly sunk and expired. Yet nothing around was dark, it seemed as if I was surrounded by a mist formed by a dazzling light, too dazzling to allow me to view the objects round. I was a moment startled, but undismayed I strove to rush

forward, my feet were bound to the floor. I strove but in vain to move. Gradually the light cleared, and gradually the features of that face, which I had so often gazed upon in my imagination, my mother's, appeared distinctly before me. Her form was majestic, but in her eye there was a softness, which was not even destroyed by the severity of her feeling. "Ernestus," were her words, "heaven has decreed at my prayer, that this crime shall be spared to you, you shall not act ungratefully." — She seemed to vanish with an expression of sorrow upon her face, as if she were not allowed to continue, and felt the horror that burst upon me in consequence of the ignorance in which I was left. My senses forsook me, and the dawn of day had already pierced the thick clouds before I recovered.

I did not return to my room, I went into the open air, my thoughts were hurried; baffled, I was not subdued; jea-

lousy still was not banished, I did not rest upon my mother's apparition, so strongly had the idea of Louisa's infidelity taken hold of me. While walking amidst the intricate windings of a public garden, I heard voices near me. One was count Wilhelm, I heard him boasting of the favours of some lady, whom another thought loved him, and he suddenly presented himself before me; I grossly insulted him. He took a pleasure in torturing me with his pretended concern at my mistress's kindness to another. I struck him, we fought and he fell severely wounded. I stood by him and he was amply revenged. He told me that he had seen me entering the preceding evening, that being at that moment engaged in speaking about me, and Louisa having expressed her wish that I might be received into the Austrian service, he was offering his interest to forward my views, and that knowing how easily I was irritated, he had purposely taken her hand.

He advised me to fly, I was obliged to do so for I was no longer safe where I was.

Louisa was then innocent. I cursed that fate which seemed to hang about me, always shielding me from death. I had fought in battle, but never yet had received the slightest wound: I had escaped from prison while the axe was falling. My rashness seemed to be incapable of hurting me; for there was a shield around me, that snatched me from peril. I was preserved from worse than death. Even this last act could not divide me from Louisa. She loved me indeed. Alarmed at seeing my antagonist brought in wounded, she did not shriek; she did not give herself up to loud and weak lamentations; but conscious, that probably my life depended upon the event of his wound, she sacrificed herself entirely to the care of the invalid. With unremitting attention she watched by his bedside. But when he was declared free from danger, then the cold hand of

strengthened disease made itself felt. She was obliged again to return to her sick chamber. But first she begged her father to inform me of the favourable result. I returned. Doni met me on the stairs, — embraced me; but no joy was visible on his face. He announced to me the dangerous state in which Louisa lay, but did not reproach me; she had forbidden it. I was introduced into her room. Consumption was ruining her system; she was faint and weak; her continued cough and the marked colour on her cheek, but too well denoted the power it had acquired. I could not even ask her how she felt; but the tears fell down my cheek on the moist hand that held mine. She allowed me to stay with her. Talked to me of that power, whose pleasure it was to strengthen the weak and console the wretched, she said that he had soothed the agony of death's visible approach, and until she saw me, that she had found relief in the thought

of the short time we should be separated. But now she saw my grief, she was sorry I should be left alone, even for those few moments, without a being, to whom I was attached; that she again wished for life, if amidst all its miseries she could but hope for the power of consoling me through these inflictions. In fine, she did not speak of herself, but of me—of the wretch who had gradually broken the weak threads which bound her pure soul to life. Count Wilhelm perfectly recovered, left us. I had seen him, and as the only atonement in my power, had acknowledged my folly, and had begged he would pardon it, though it had been so severely felt by him. He returned a vague answer, and I saw him no more.

Doni's interest was great; his wealth insured him friends, active in bringing back to their neighbourhood one whose riches fell in beneficent showers upon all. By their influence, he soon obtained a pardon for my resistance to the civil au-

thorities in behalf of Olivieri, and I was granted permission to return to any part of the French territory. As the cold Alpine air seemed to hasten the rapid steps of his daughter's decline, he determined upon having her conveyed again to the borders of the Lago Maggiore, which had seemed last year to have possessed such renovating powers. We departed, and soon found ourselves fixed in our abode. Nature wore the same aspect as the year before. Palanza, with its white walls and glittering columns shone as brilliantly in the sun's ray; the smile of heaven seemed to play upon the fairy islets of the Boromei, and the rich woods of Belgirato reflected in the blue surface of the water, seemed to put the beauty of this in competition with the sublimity of the wild rocks of the upper part of this long lake. But Louisa's health had faded. She could hardly hope, if the disease continued its hasty steps to see these scenes again. But still that fairy enchan-

ter, hope, acted upon me, and as each day she gained some slight addition to her strength, I pictured to myself years of happiness united with her I had long so ardently loved. She would not undeceive me, but left me the illusion. She was again able to enjoy the freshness of the air, and to walk out, amidst the varying scenery around. I supported her, and felt the light pressure of her feeble form resting upon my arm. She would stop, and draw some reflections on the bounty of God, even while in pain, from the various pictures before her; always attempting to turn my mind towards those thoughts, which she well knew could alone give me consolation, and a resting place in this vale of miseries. But still she seemed to recover strength. I entreated her to hope, and not to give way to such desponding thoughts. Her father, who was deceived as well as myself, begged of her to console herself; talked to her when alone of me,

and spoke of his hopes of seeing us united, of her forming the only prop to his old age, and that I, how could he say it? was alone worthy in his estimation of receiving from a father's hand so great a treasure.

Unwilling to grieve her father, she yielded to my importunities, promised to be mine, if upon a certain day her acquired strength had not given signs of decay. You may imagine with what anxiety, with what hopes I watched each intervening moment. Every cold breeze made me shudder; every cloud that veiled the sun's ray caused me pain. I counted her breathings: whenever she moved, watched the firmness of her step. The day arrived. She was not weaker, but had seemed to find renewed energy in the thought of being mine. She was mine. I cannot paint to you the delirious state of mind, in which the next months passed over my head. I had a right to protect. I was something to that

being; but I will not rest upon these feverish moments, you may imagine them; Louisa was mine — Louisa mine! But heaven had not smiled upon our union — no, no. It was but the anger of a God veiled under the brightest hues. Louisa was my,—but I must relate the whole. Her health, as the winter approached declined again, and we returned to Milan. We lived with her father.

To engage my wife's attention, I resolved upon fitting up a part of the palace anew for our private use. Every thing was ordered, when it occurred to her that the best ornament we could add would be the portrait of her father. I had recovered from my sister our mother's locket, and shewing it to Louisa, we determined upon having it copied and hung opposite the Count's. To give Doni, as as we thought an agreeable surprize, we determined upon having them privately executed, and placed in their situation

without his cognizance. I sought for a painter, and spent whole mornings with him at his eazel, directing him how to paint my mother. I described to him, as well as I could, her appearance to me at Inspruck, and pretending that I had seen her in a dream, I insisted upon his representing her in such a situation. He executed it, and by the magic effect of his pencil, excited a most extraordinary impression of awe in my breast, whenever I turned my eyes upon the picture. She seemed starting from the canvass; the outline of her figure was lost in the blaze of light, and her face, meek amidst splendour, severe, though with features naturally mild, seemed speaking those words I had heard. I took Louisa to see it; she felt the same awe as myself, though she could not assign a reason for it, but she continued gazing, till I perceived her eyes wet with tears.

The pictures were privately introduced into the house. We had succeeded in

keeping them secret from Doni. In a few days was Louisa's birth day, we resolved therefore to make him our guest upon that occasion in our new apartment. We invited several of our most intimate friends. Every thing passed in gaiety. At last, all the company were gone, and we remained alone. We then, taking him each by one hand, led him into what we intended should be our private sitting room, telling him he should then see our best friends, the one in heaven, the other on earth. The door was opened; directly before him was his own portrait; he seemed surprized and pleased; he turned round; I had hardly announced to him that the one he then saw was my mother's, when he fell. Alarmed we raised him. "Your mother! did you say, your mother?" He threw himself upon the floor, and called upon God to free him from the consciousness of horror like to his. We knelt by him close together; he saw us, raised his aged hands, and

with a fluttering voice bade us, if we dreaded heaven's most dreadful curse, to separate. But again he fell to the ground, crying, "It is too late, too late, the crime is consummated." We raised him, he turned hastily away, for he was opposite the portrait, and besought us to take him thence. We led him to his chamber; he motioned us to leave him.

We retired in silence, we knew not what to understand; was it merely the greater effect of that portrait's power which had been exerted over us. We could not hope it, we were lost in conjectures. Louisa's health was so much broken that I was alarmed for the effects it might have upon her, and, therefore, strove to turn her mind from the subject; but in vain. She did not sleep the whole night, the anxiety concerning her father would not allow her to seek *forgetfulness* even for a moment. The effect may be imagined upon so weak a constitution. Her father refused to see us for several

days, and each day I saw the mind acting upon my wife's health with alarming rapidity. When this reached the ears of her father, he could no longer resist our importunities, he saw us; but the sight of his haggard and wild countenance did not restore Louisa. He had evidently been engaged in writing. We pressed him to explain his conduct. He replied, I knew not what I wished to learn. "It will blast you, as it has done your friend. You must learn it, but it shall be when I am in the grave, and before him who has thus punished my crime; then, then, I may intercede for you, if I myself am sufficiently purified by suffering. He may hear a father's, though it be a criminal's, prayer." His words seemed almost incoherent, he at times called me son, but then with hurried impatience he corrected himself; he asked me whence I got that portrait, I put the locket into his hands. "'Twas mine, I gave it," he hurried, pressed it to his breast, and bade us leave him. We did; he saw us daily, but

in silence; he seemed absorbed in one thought, and to that he could not give utterance. He took little, too little, nourishment; but always occupied in writing; he seemed but to find strength for that; when we saw him, he was hardly capable of motion. His task was at last finished. We had been with him as usual, when we were suddenly recalled. He was dying; he bade us kneel down by his side, he blessed us. He took the papers from his table, and putting them into my hands, he bade me read them when he was in the grave, and know the horrors that awaited me; he commanded us to trust in God's mercy, and he sunk, blessing us, upon his couch, breathed no more.

I bore my Louisa from this scene, she was from this moment confined to her bed. I saw the Count laid in the vault of his ancestors, and then returned to my wife's chamber, whence I never issued till I had no longer a wife. I

was evident that all art was unavailing. It was the undermining of a constitution, not by a common bodily disease, but by the griefs of a heart that had never lately found a moment's respite from the most bitter inflictions. Yet, even at this moment, she seemed to forget herself, in her attempts to console me. She alone broke the silence around; I sat in mute despair; I saw Louisa before me, and I was to be left isolated, scathed by divine anger, without consolation. She held my hand, spoke to me of another world; for a moment her words would even subdue my grief, and let me feel as if that hope were enough. At last, seeing the silent sorrow that was preying confined within my breast, she sought to rouse me, bade me read those papers; I did in a luckless moment; only hinted at the horrible mystery unfolded there, and saw the last convulsive throe I was destined to witness in any bound to me by love. I cannot tell you more; read that damning

tale, and then you may know what I dare, nay, dare not rest upon. My history is quickly ended. I was dragged from the now lifeless Louisa; but I stole from my guards in the night, gained an entrance into the room, where death showed, as if boasting his beauteous victim, dressed in pomp. The wax tapers seemed to burn dimly, as if in unison with the solemn scene; the black walls, the felted ground, the corpse stretched out, arrayed in white, the stillness visible upon that beauteous face, stilled even the tumult in my breast. She did not seem dead but asleep, I had held her in my arms, upon my breast, looking as she then looked, I gazed upon her for moments, it seemed as if I believed the still appearance wronged my senses. I was about to press her to my heart, my lips were approaching hers, but I started; there were two flies already revelling on those lips, and she could not chase them. I hurried away, I could not remain any

longer there. I followed her bier also, and I saw my dearest, my last bond to this earth deposited there, where peace seemed to invite me too. Religion, Louisa's words, however, had not lost all influence, I resisted that will, which would have led me to immolate myself a victim to the manes of those my love had slain. The hopes of a futurity, of Louisa in heaven, upheld me.

I retired first to Beatenberg, there in the former house of Berchtold, I spent some time: it was too near the first scenes of memory. I left them and came hither; here, amidst these rocks, bound to me by no memory of the past, I spend the few hours allotted me by heaven, in penance; here each day, my prayer is offered up, that in mercy I might be taken to Louisa. My life has been a life of anguish, of vice, of crime; but still amidst these there have been moments, there has been a being, which, if life could be renewed, would cause me to dare all

again, once more to go through those few moments. Often in my dreams I see that form, but now, if when in this mortal life her beauty could not be described, how can I now, that her form, her face, are decked with the smile of him, who glories in the glory of his children. When she now appears in my dreams, there is no longer that hideous chasm opening between us; she is always decked as if for another bridal day, and I awake confident in that day's approach without guilt.

But leave me, depart to-morrow upon your intended journey, if that you stay, who knows but the curse which has attended me through life may yet be acting, and may fall upon you as well as all others whom I have loved. These papers will explain to you what I have withheld, the life of Doni. If that you return this way, you may find me dead. Drop not a tear over my grave, I shall be with Louisa. Farewell, but depart

knowing that there exists a consolation, which man cannot take from you, which misfortune cannot destroy, the belief in a future state, in the mercy of a redeeming God. It is there I find refuge.

THE LIFE OF COUNT FILIBERTO DONI.

The family to which I belong is one of the most noble in Lombardy; but I, being the son of the younger branch, did not enjoy many of those advantages which belong to high rank. I was sent at a very early age to a college of Jesuits, and soon distinguished myself so much, that all the allurements the society was in the habit of holding out to young men of promise, were employed to attach me to this community. I had, however, been educated amongst the mountains; and having been nursed by an old retainer of the family, I had conceived so high an idea of the importance and consequence

attached to nobility, that I could not resolve upon putting on a dress, which bound me to forego all those advantages and pleasures, the early associations excited by my nurse, had taught me to believe, belonged to the entry of a nobleman into that very world, my venerable master endeavoured, in vain, to persuade me, was every thing horrible. In the mountains, a son of even the lateral descendants from the Lord, is always looked up to with so much respect and veneration by the poor inhabitants of these districts, that it is no wonder if I was deceived. When the religious began to flatter and distinguish me above my companions, as I was not conscious of any exertion in the acquisition of that mental superiority about which they talked, I attributed their attentions to the respect they felt for one of such exalted rank, as I imagined myself born to, having been left also for the whole of the time with the men, without having paid a single visit

to my family, the distant memory of what I had seen at home, appeared to me in contrast with the plain life of my superiors, as something magnificent and passing comparison. My parents, hearing of the talents of their son, were anxious for his entry into an order, whose influence they well knew could be profitable in the greatest degree, not only to the individual, but to the whole of his family. When, therefore, they found that their son was determined not to bind himself by any bond which should hinder him from enjoying, what his imagination had pictured; they thought the best plan in such a case was to allow me to view nearer, that misery which attends nobility devoid of riches. I was accordingly sent for home.

I arrived — I was astonished at not being led to one of those numerous palaces I met on my way to my father's, in the streets of Milan. My guide and myself came at last into the Corso; I be-

gan to reconcile myself, seeing the end of the city before me nothing but palaces on both sides; when suddenly, we turned down a narrow street, and I came to the gate of an obscure house. I did not speak, but my feelings were hurt. I ascended a narrow staircase, and I found myself in the presence of my mother. She was lying on a couch covered with leather, dressed in all the dirty tawdry of one who glories in the past; she was playing with a dog with one hand, while the other was stretched over an earthenware brazier. A dirty servant, slip shod, with hair which had apparently never been touched by a comb, led me into the room, and announced me. My mother did not even move, she was too busily engaged by her puppy to notice me. At last, tired of seeing only the same jumps, turning round in the act of stretching her weary limbs, she saw my figure; imagining it to be that of her son, she addressed herself to me. "Ah, Filiberto, so you are

really come home to load your parents with your expences, when you might have become a jesuit with every prospect of power. Well, we shall see how your father will bear it. For my part I will not sacrifice any more first representations for your follies. I had already engaged a box at the Scala, with the money I had spared from our very food; when your father, hearing of it, went and sold the tickets because you were expected." These were the first words, I remember, my mother spoke to me. I cannot describe to you the various feelings they excited in my breast. I could not believe this to be my mother. I did not answer her; but engaged in thought, I sat down, and soon lost sight of the white cold walls and brick floor, in the bitterness of my imaginations. My father entered, throwing off his huge great coat, which, placed upon his shoulders, covered both his body and the clay vessel contain-

ing the heated charcoal; he embraced me, and seemed really pleased to see me.

I spent a miserable day, for it was the very one on which a new opera was to be brought out, and all the usual companions of my mother, having, by intrigue and what not, secured places, she was left alone without even her *cavalier servente*, in the company of her husband and son: this was insupportable, and she did nothing the whole evening but vent her bad temper upon me, sneering at my foolish ideas of rank. My father, who seemed accustomed to these scenes, quietly took his seat in a retired part of the room, and with his great coat confining the warm air arising from his *scaldino* around his body, soon fell asleep. The servant came in after the Caffè, and spinning at my mother's side, for a time diverted her attention from me, by joining with the complete appearance of an equal in all that mean criticism of their neighbours, which is esteemed the more witty ac-

cording to its ill-nature. I was at last glad to go to bed. You may imagine what was the bed room of the son, when the receiving room of the *Padrona* was such as I have described.

As I passed by a door upon the staircase, I saw two heads put out to look at me; they were my sisters; I cannot describe to you the sensation I felt, when I found no one had thought it necessary to bring them to see their brother, or even to mention them to him. I found them dressed in the most coarse clothes, and I had hardly been there a few minutes, before they began recounting to me the hardships and privations they had lately undergone in consequence of the anxiety of my mother to secure a box at the opera for this night. It is useless to paint more scenes of this nature; my mother was vain, and spent even what should have been given to feeding her children, in the most distant imitation of the rich, to whom she had the honour of

being allied, and who condescended to laugh at her for her pains. My father loved quiet above all things; his income was small, very incompetent to supply the foolish vanity of my mother, he was therefore always in debt, and even obliged to be a mean hanger on upon the elder branch of the family.

Next day I went with my father to visit the head of our family, and I there saw what my imagination had represented to me. The numerous servants seemed bustling about, as if their wills were too rapid for their limbs. The rich liveries, which were almost reflected in the burnished floors of marble and precious woods, the porphyry columns, the fresco paintings, and the silken coverings to even the footstools astonished me. I followed in silence the officious servant, who seemed amazed at my astonishment at that splendour, in which he had always bustled, though but the son of a cowherd. We were conducted into the boudoir of

our relation. He was at his toilette, every thing breathed effeminacy, all was luxurious, the delicately coloured curtains let in the enfeebled light of the noon day. When I entered I could hardly distinguish the objects around, for coming from rooms illuminated by all the powers of the sun, my eyes could not feel the weaker impressions of this veiled obscurity. My relation struck with the astonishment I displayed at such magnificence, amused himself with calling forth signs of wonder from me. I was invited to stay with him, and I accordingly went from my mother's, who was glad to get rid of the inconvenience arising from the addition I caused to be made to the daily expences, at the same time that she was proud of having to talk about the notice I had excited at the Palazzo Doni. My relation conducted me every where. I was introduced by him to the casino of the nobles, and was always in his box at the theatre of La

Scala. He advised me to attach myself to an old countess, whose *cavalier servente* was just dead. I did so, and soon had the honour of carrying her shawl, and whispering in her ear even to the exclusion of her superannuated husband, at all the places of public resort.

I was now initiated into all the magic enjoyments of wealth and splendour. Without any riches or merit of my own, I enjoyed all the luxuries, which were not a little heightened by the visits I paid my father's house, where I saw poverty in its most appalling state, accompanied by pretentions to rank. I was intoxicated. The Countess had several daughters, these I seldom saw, though they were approaching rapidly to womanhood. It however happened, that soon after I had obtained a footing in her house, that a birth-day of her eldest child occurred. She resolved upon celebrating it by a little ball, chiefly composed of the immediate connections of the family. I was

admitted by virtue of my office. I had never before been in a ball-room. The splendid chandeliers, the gay dresses, and the beautiful women, surrounding me on every side, raised a scene before me, which even my most vivid fancy had never imagined.

I could not dance, I was therefore a mere spectator; but I was not idle, I had never been accustomed to see unmarried females, for they are not admitted into the society to which I belonged. There appeared a charm about them I could not define; they fixed my attention, and as each moved in the light dance, with all the agility and grace attendant upon youth, while their retreating looks seemed to denote a fear that they excited observation; I attempted in vain to discover what fascinated me. My heart beat violently, it seemed as if I had never before witnessed beauty. Towards the end of the evening, a party of foreigners entered; they had come to reside in

Milan; with them was a young lady. She entered into the dances. She had not the light airy step of her companions, she had not the same brilliancy of eye, but there was something so powerful in her meek glance, in her measured graceful step, that enchained the senses. From that moment I could gaze upon no one else. She alone seemed to be moving, she alone seemed to be the object worthy of attention. I was yet gazing upon her, when the Countess called me to join her party at tre sette. I accompanied her, but it was in vain for me to attempt fixing my mind upon the cards before me. I saw nothing but that figure which had been that moment before my sight. I made blunders that called forth impatient exclamations from my partners, and I was at last allowed to rise upon the plea of a head-ache. I instantly entered the other room, but she was gone.

She had however left her image in my breast. For several days I did not see

her again, but at last she began to appear in public, for being a foreigner, her parents did not confine her as is customary amongst Italians. I often left the Countess in the Theatre, and placing myself in the pit, near the box in which she was, watched her slightest motion. There was a melancholy look about her that seemed to indicate an acquaintance with grief, that was extraordinary in so young a person. Her dark blue eye was seldom unveiled; her long modest eyelashes generally hid their splendour, and her silence, and her uninterested glance, added a charm to her figure I cannot describe. Her goodness and charity were spoken of by all, her beauty was not envied or denied by her own, while her gentle manners and winning smile, seemed to gain the heart of all the other sex. I accompanied the Countess to her house. I sat by her, but could not speak with her. It seemed as if the emotion in my breast, stifled the words I was

about to utter. She however noticed me, and her parents in repeating their compliments to the lady I accompanied, included me in a general invitation to the house.

As it was not the custom for ladies of rank to rise until a late hour, I had a great part of the day upon my own hands. I used generally to lounge about, and sometimes go to the Ambrosian Library, in quest of something to engage my attention. One morning I was there as usual, and I found the Ernachs there. Matilda was with them, they were just then occupied in viewing the manuscript of Virgil, with Petrarch's annotations. When the Cicerone pointed out the last note of this latter poet, in which he speaks of his love to Laura, I could not help remarking, a momentary emotion which passed across the face of Matilda. Her mother also observed it, and immediately taking her arm, accompanied her into the room containing pictures of

several of the greatest masters. I followed them, and entered into conversation by pointing out the heads of the Milanese Raphael, which one cannot examine without feeling a stillness come over our senses foreign to our nature. There is so much beauty and heavenly quiet about them, that they indeed resemble representations of a poet's dream. Before we parted, I was accepted as the guide to the curiosities, which they had not yet seen, and my office was to begin the next day.

It is useless to describe to you the gradual steps of love. I at last neglected the attentions due to the Countess, while sitting by the side of Matilda. At last, no longer capable of enduring the feelings within my bosom, I confessed my love to the object I adored. She was not angry, nor did she seemed surprised; but in a voice that betrayed inward agitation, she begged of me to lay aside all hopes of gaining her hand, and conjured me not

to mention it to her father. I was confused and abashed. I retired and returned to the palace, where I confined myself to my chamber. Not having appeared for several days in society, and enquiries being made concerning me, I was soon sought for by my kind relation. He seemed so anxious about the ill health, which he imagined was the cause of my absence from those gaieties in which I always seemed to delight, that I was induced to lay open to him the whole of my heart. He tried to administer consolation, but could not succeed; my vanity was mortified, and reflecting upon my poverty, I had imagined that I was despised for some richer rival. He seemed to know Matilda better, told me he could not believe it, but I dwelt so much upon the subject, that he saw it was useless to oppose my opinion any longer. He attempted to induce me to accompany him into society, but I re-

fused, and for some days remained alone in my chamber.

Sick with all the splendour around, which seemed to mock me, I determined in spite of the expected reproaches of my mother, to return to my father's house, where by long confinement I fell ill. My kind relation hearing of this came to me, and tried to represent to me the folly of my conduct; but disappointed love and mortified vanity, did not allow me to listen. Seeing me thus haunted by the idea of riches, he generously offered to advance me a considerable sum, and to give me letters to a friend at Alexandria, where I might he thought employ my capital to the greatest advantage in commercial speculations. I thanked him, and accepted his kind offer. I soon left Milan, determined never to return till those riches were mine, which should enable me to assert a rank equal to any in my native city. I arrived at

Alexandria, and was soon engaged in mercantile speculations, with an eagerness that caused all my transactions to appear more like the ventures of a desperate gambler than the secure projects of a merchant. I found several Europeans established in this city, chiefly engaged in the commerce of grain.

Amongst the rest, there was one who seemed to form a particular attachment to me; he was several years older than myself, and was noted amongst us for a certain avoidance of pleasure which did not appear natural to his years. He was always engaged, when not occupied in his business, either in reading or in a solitary ramble through the burnt neighbourhood of this ruined town. I was the only person he sought; he seemed to place his confidence in me, and made many enquiries, at first vaguely, concerning those I had known at Milan. Happening to name the Ernachs, his face immediately became anxious, and his questions

evidently bore a stamp of interest they had not before shown. This excited my attention and caused me to make more particular enquiries concerning him. Little was known; he was a German, and it was thought he had been disappointed in love. He perceived the attention I began to show him, and one evening when we were alone, he told me that he had at first been induced to seek my society, from a letter he had received from Matilda. "You must have perceived the interest, with which I listened to your account of the family of the Ernachs; know that I love Matilda, that I have reason to believe my affection is returned, but that owing to my poverty, I have never dared to confess even to her the feelings of love I bear within my breast. We were together from earliest infancy, all our pleasures were in common, and though, when I grew to manhood, I no longer dared to use the familiarity of my earlier years with her, who began to vest the charms of woman,

still we partook in the pleasures of each other's occupations. Many things we studied together. I read the lighter authors of literature to her while she was engaged in those occupations attendant, in our country, upon every female member of a family. I at last opened Petrarch, and read those sonnets in which love is so delicately pourtrayed. You cannot conceive my emotions, when I perceived that she felt them as I did myself, and that she often raised her modest eyes, while a blush mantled her cheek, to gaze upon me, while my trembling voice seemed not to be reading the sentiments of another, but speaking the feelings of my own breast. We seemed, indeed, not to want to comment upon what we were both sensible expressed only those truths which echoed in the breasts of both. When, however, I retired, I always upbraided myself for thus exposing, though indirectly, that love, of which I had no reason to think her parents would ap-

prove, for I had no profession, and was not born to riches. When, however, I saw her, and she again asked for the author whose delicate pencil only traced the most fading hues of love, I again read. We were thus engaged, when we were interrupted by her mother, who had stood unperceived some time watching the emotions but too visible in our countenances. She did not then speak, but taking another opportunity, when I was alone with her, she gently intimated, that I had not acted honourably in thus engaging the attention of Matilda to such poetry, as was but too powerful a seducer of the mind. I was but too conscious of it. I acknowledged my error, and promised to take no further occasion of thus acting upon her daughter's susceptible heart. She placed entire confidence in me, and was not deceived. I applied to my father, who, at my desire, sent me hither to push my fortune, and I have succeeded as well as I expected."

How shall I convey to you an idea of what passed in my mind? Before me stood the unconscious cause of my being rejected by Matilda. He had told me, he loved her, that she loved him. I was silent when he ended, I could not rouse myself to speak to him; he, thinking that his narration had tired me, made an apology, to which I could only answer by monosyllables; he retired and left me to my own thoughts. It was evident Matilda preferred another. My feelings may be imagined,—cannot be described. It seemed as if some demon actuated me, I fell upon my knees, and dared even to call God to witness my vow of obtaining the object of my affections, in spite of all obstacles. It seemed as if I felt more at peace after having thus resolved upon not yielding even to him she loved, the possession I ambitioned.

I sought Huldebrand, for so was my rival called, determined to worm into his confidence, and gain the whole of his

secret. I told him not to impute my abstraction on the former evening to any thing but my mind being engaged in thought upon a circumstance, which I noticed at Milan, and which was now fully explained. I then mentioned to him the emotion I had noticed in Matilda's countenance, while listening to the memorial of Petrarch with regard to the duration of his love. This immediately secured his attention, and I soon learnt many circumstances with regard to their early years; and I became convinced, that there was really no engagement between them.

In the mean time my speculations, which had been begun rashly, had for the greater part turned out badly, and I found myself with a capital considerably diminished. Huldebrand who could not remain ignorant of my losses proposed to me, as I seemed ignorant of the best means of securing a profitable commerce, to join him. I did so; but growing tired of the slow advantages to be obtained by

the regular channels, I at last induced him to join me in a speculation that seemed to promise a certain and at the same time immense profit. We ventured, and lost all we risked. My loss did not grieve me much, for it had reduced my Matilda's favoured lover to the same want as myself. He was not however dismayed, nor did he reproach me, but immediately exerting himself to recover all that remained of our property, he proposed, that we should join some Armenians, who were about to leave Alexandria and penetrate into the interior of Asia, in hopes of finding some opportunity of bettering our small fortunes. I consented, and we accompanied them.

We entered Persia, and travelled even into India. We soon found our capitals rapidly increasing, for, imitating the Armenians, we bought upon several occasions precious stones, which we resold almost immediately greatly to our advantage. It is, in no way necessary for me to

give an account of these countries, towards the understanding the fatality that attended my life. I travelled through them careless about the scenery or inhabitants; the whole of my attention was engaged in my endeavours to acquire wealth. Matilda stood constantly before me as the bride of Huldebrand, and my father's house always appeared in contrast with the palace of the head of our family. I soon entered into the spirit of the traffic I was engaged in, and restrained as I was by Huldebrand's steadiness, we rapidly indeed accumulated an immense sum, which we carried always with us in precious stones.

I had been particularly struck by the venerable appearance of one of our companions, he was aged, his head was white with the numbered years that had passed since his birth. This was the more remarkable from the contrast it offered with the jet black hair and beards of his countrymen. He was never engaged in

their occupations, he never seemed to be concerned in any mercantile transaction, yet he seemed to be careless of his money, which he gave profusely to all. He seemed to delight in the society of strangers, and therefore sought ours; but Huldebrand not speaking his language did not gain the same hold of his affections as myself; he indeed treated me completely as his son, and often directed me in the conduct of our concerns; his advice was always advantageous.

This stranger seemed to look upon me as his pupil, and he gradually turned my mind to the objects around me. But he did not improve my heart by the opening of my mind. He was himself extremely rich; when therefore he held forth upon the happiness of contented poverty, I thought he was but a mere visionary, imagining the Arabian delights of a sandy desert, while shaded by the canopying foliage of a grove, and surrounded by all the riches of a cultivated

country. I looked around, and I saw the genius and the ideot both equally subservient to the will of the wealthy. I saw virtue trodden under foot, and vice, that monster in rags in the cottage, adored as a goddess in the temples of the gaudy palace. Wherever I went, it seemed as if gold, in the bustling of the whole of life, had the same effect as a few aspers thrown amidst the obstreperous crowd that immediately leaves off its hideous yell in haste to scramble for the miserable gain. Riches were a thirst upon me. I could not believe that Matilda or Ernach, her father, could resist the splendour of wealth. But Huldebrand was with me, half our common property was his. He loved,—was beloved. Whenever I looked upon him, my heart did not beat quicker; it seemed for a moment to pause, as if his sight blasted its vital action, but it beat again with redoubled violence, when Matilda's image rose upon my mind, and my former vow was again repeated.

Though my appetite for riches was not sated, it was gratified; our speculations had been constantly doubling our capital, and we had already left the banks of the Euphrates, turning our steps towards Europe, when we gradually entered the vast desert that spreads its subtle sands from the Red Sea, almost to the Mediterranean. Having all our wealth about us in jewels and gold, we were anxious about our safety. Every night the cry of the watchful sentinel bidding us be upon the alert, while it called to the roaming Arab to depart, sounded on my waking ears, and often I arose in painful anxiety, to gaze upon the far spread horizon, lost sometimes in the misty light of the bright moon. I envied the sound sleep of the poor camel-driver, who lay extended by the animal entrusted to his care, as heedless of my wealth, as the brute about the fate of his burden. At last the ground seemed to acquire firmness to the foot, and the camel already began to browze upon the solitary stunted

plants that here and there spread their parched growth to the no longer beneficent ray of an eastern sun. I thought myself secure, night came, and I was standing by my open tent, for I could not rest; I was gazing upon a long line which bounded the horizon, with a thin dark streak, indicating the palm boundary to our toilsome pilgrimages; there were slight clouds flitting before the moon, and as their shadows fled over the vast expanse, my heart beat quicker, for each, as it approached from the horizon, seemed to my hurried imagination, as the dark shadow formed by an Arab troop; one followed the other, always bearing deceit with it. At last from the long line of palms, a black speck seemed to move with great rapidity; I could trace no cloud upon the heavens, which could throw its dark shadow upon this track; I breathless called a sentinel, the alarm was given, but we were surrounded; I went about like a madman, encouraged the men to fight, — fought.

The circle was gradually straightened round us; the men fell by the distant arrows at first, but the work of death was not slower, when the sword clashed against sword, and the robber's foot trod upon his antagonist's. I struggled, my riches were lost; while yet struggling amidst our very tents, I heard the old Armenian cry for help, he was combating with a young Arabian, who had thrown him to the ground. I rushed forward, bade the robber defend himself; we fought, I succeeded in disarming him, and was upon the point of thrusting my sword through his body, when he begged of me to spare his life, promising that both the Armenian and myself should be safe. I saw all resistance was at an end, I gave him back his weapon, and approached the old man who was wounded. He took my hand, thanked me for my attempt to save him, but he thought his wound was mortal; he bade me at the same time console myself for the loss of my accumulated wealth, saying

that he would, ere he died, make me ample amends.

Our lives, at the intercession of the Arab I had spared, who proved to be a man of rank amongst the robbers, were granted us. He conveyed the Armenian to his own tent, and I anxiously placed myself by the old man's side, watching, with the agitation of a desperate gambler, every various expression of his countenance; it was my last stake. Huldebrand I knew was not killed, but had been given, as part of the booty, to one of the robbers, in hopes of his ransoming himself; but he was ruined like myself, had lost every thing; I was however, if not deceived, to obtain riches as abundantly as before. Matilda might then be mine; I made no further enquiries about him who had partaken the vicissitudes of commerce and of life with me, who had been almost beggared by my rashness, and whose steadiness had enabled me to recover every thing, and to gain wealth. I sat by the old man; every

sound that fell from his lips, seemed the announcement of his bequest, but he was silent on that subject.

Five days elapsed, at last the sixth was passing, and his strength was evidently rapidly failing, his breath became hurried, and his eyes began to take that lustre, which seems to be the last exertion of the departing soul; he then spoke, "I wished," he said, "that my life had been spared but a short time longer, I could then have bestowed wealth upon you, without the conditions that may now startle you. Know, but how dare I tell it? you may look upon me with horror, and while I am wishing to bless you, may turn away from me. I have a power that is supposed to bring the curse of the Almighty upon it; I can, — I have the power of raising a spirit from the vast abyss, and make him lay at my feet, the infinite wealth enclosed within the earth's recesses. But if you would listen to one aged, who has borne this blasting power from early youth, you

would refuse the dangerous gift. For there is a condition necessarily bound to that power, which will undoubtedly quell your ardent longing even for riches." It was in vain that he addressed me thus, Matilda and wealth connected rose to my imagination. I pressed him to explain himself. He did. He told me that either I could only call for a certain sum at a time, and thatat each time, some human domestic infliction, worse than the preceding, would fall upon me, or that, I at once, could gain unlimited power, and constant domestic prosperity, on the condition of giving myself up for ever to the will of a malignant being. He had chosen the first, had called but once for the exertion of the demon's power, but his happiness had been withered by that once. I did not hesitate, I laughed in my own mind at domestic happiness, I had lived only in Italy, and in the East, I begged of him to disclose his secret; he did. I bound myself to the first condition.

I impatiently rose, I left the old man upon his dying couch, and retreated to my own tent. I raised the spirit, his hideous form might have appalled a stronger heart than mine. I trembled, but his mocking laugh subdued my fears, and bending my knee, I acknowledged him as my superior through life. I cannot describe the scene, I could not without recording some part of the spells by which I raised this monster, and he has but too fully proved his power for me to be willing to put the least clue into the hands of any one which might bring the curse I have felt upon him. Besides riches, I gained other powers, but these are not connected with yours and my Louisa's fate, I shall not speak of them.

I returned to the sick man's tent, the Armenian was dead. I did not feel sorry, how could I at that moment; I was exultant, my wealth was so enormous, I did not see a possibility of spending it. The next day the robbers buried my benefactor in

the burning sands. I proposed a ransom for myself to the Arab, he insisted upon my accepting my freedom. I did, and we eat together; no longer fearing treachery, I made him a present to an enormous amount. He was surprized, but did not make even the smallest enquiry.

I roamed about the encampment, for I was desirous of seeing these robbers in their native barren plain. While wandering about their black tents, I heard a voice of pain issuing from one of the most miserable. It was Huldebrand, he was calling, in the delirium of a fever, for a drop of water to allay his thirst. The well was close to me. The tent was open, no one was near, he was extended upon the sandy floor, with hardly any clothes to defend him from its hot touch. I, even I, could not resist this appeal, I seized a vessel lying by his side, and drew it from the well full. I was turning towards him, when suddenly his tones altered, he seemed to press his breast, while in the softest

words he addressed some one. I approached, he was imagining Matilda stood by him. The words sounded on my ear, —"I know, Matilda, that you love me." The pitcher fell upon the sand, and the water was drank up by the burning dust, and I turned away with a raging heart, from the dying Huldebrand.

I instantly determined upon leaving the spot. The noble Arab escorted me to the utmost boundary of the desert, and I was safe from danger. I hired camels and horses, and proceeded to Aleppo, spreading every where that I was a merchant, who had been very successful in my speculations. This was easy to me, for I could refer to people with whom I had had transactions, and my name was known. I hastened to Italy, and soon reached Milan, I entered with all the pomp of riches; I will not describe my entry, it was foolishly splendid, nor will I attempt to paint to you the daily display I made of some new folly; they were pro-

duced by the intoxication of a madman. Matilda, for she held no less a powerful influence over me than my avarice, was the object of the whole. I found her health much decayed, she had not heard of Huldebrand for more than two years. Yet there was perhaps a greater charm in that pale cheek and languid eye, than I had found in the delicate colouring of the one, or the splendour of the other. If I could gain her love now, it would, indeed, be an ample compensation for her former rejection. I began by spreading the report of her lover's death, though I was not certain of the fact, yet I thought, at any rate, that he could not re-appear so soon as not to allow me time to accomplish my end. I then went to her father's, and in the course of the conversation announced it.

Matilda was inconsolable, but she took pleasure in my society, for I could talk to her of Huldebrand, I related indifferent particulars concerning him, the eager-

ness with which she listened reached my heart; I determined, however, to endure even these pangs, rather than lose the opportunities afforded me of sitting by her side. As in the course of narration, I introduced the relation of actions in which I had been his benefactor, she blessed me for it. I felt like a baffled demon. I gradually began to talk of myself. I sounded the father and mother with regard to a marriage; obtained their full consent and approbation. They gradually broke it to their daughter. She wondered at my seeking for a widowed heart; insisted upon my taking some months to consider of it, while she herself fulfilled the term of mourning she thought due to her lover's memory. I was anxious, and fearful of Huldebrand's appearance. I pressed my suit with earnestness; my relations, her father, her mother, used all the arts of persuasion to induce her to anticipate the day. She did, and we were married.

It now seemed as if I could dare the world. I had Matilda, had wealth, the only objects my mind had ever rested upon were mine. I had two children, Louisa and Olivieri. You cannot imagine the splendour in which I lived. Where could the mortal be found who had greater supposed sources of happiness than mine? yet I was miserable; Matilda was mine, my wife, but her affections still rested upon the image of my rival. I doated upon her; it seemed as if the price of guilt I had paid bound her the more to me, as if she were to form the only happiness I was to know, and she did not love me. She differed entirely from my countrywomen; she enjoyed her domestic circle, she was modest; and while she stood amongst the abandoned wantons, who formed the only society around her, she stood erect, as if she were sent by Heaven to show deluded men the beauties of the virtues they despised.

I had not enjoyed the society of my

wife more than three years, when my momentary happiness was blasted. Matilda came home one day, as I imagined, from the Corso, flurried and violently agitated. She threw herself upon the sofa, and lost in thought, she did not perceive that I was near her. She drew from her breast a note: I could see over her shoulder; it struck me that it was Huldebrand's hand-writing. She seemed to look upon it as if she could not believe her eyes. She viewed it, her hands fell, and the movement of the eyelids over the fixed eyes seemed to denote the belief in a deceit of the senses. Her breath was still, her cheek pale, she did not move. I unavoidably discovered myself; she turned, looked at me, and the tears bursting from her eyes, rolled down her cheeks, as she rushed out of the room. I dared not follow her. Huldebrand might be stalking in my very house, might be close to me, his words of reproach might be already in the air, prepared

to damn me with their sound. I should be proved in the world's face, a liar, a wretch without a spark of generosity, of gratitude, in Matilda's face — I hid myself in my chamber, for the consciousness of my guilt caused me at first to wish for concealment. But the thought of my rival roused me; was it not possible to remove him? I rushed out of my room, and was upon the point of going through the great gate, when I perceived a figure descending the staircase, wrapt closely in a large mantle. It was a woman — it was Matilda. Her hurried step and anxious glances thrown around caused me to watch her. She went out into the street, I followed her; there was an obstacle near the theatre, she cleared it, but I lost her in the crowd of carriages. In vain I tried every opening leading to the theatre, I could not recover a trace of her. At last I was obliged to lean exhausted against the wall, and Ernach, her father, coming from the

theatre, discovered me. Perceiving my agitation at sight of him, he insisted upon escorting me home. He attempted to lead me to explain to him the cause of my trembling limbs, which weighed upon his arm. He did not know that he sought to know my shame; I insisted upon his leaving me, and I at last fell exhausted upon a chair in my saloon.

I know not how long I had remained in this situation by myself; I at last heard Matilda's light step ascending the staircase. I did not move, my eyes remained still gazing on the ground when she entered. At sight of me she started, but she commanded herself—approached me with a faultering step. I attempted to clasp her to my bosom, as if—I know not what passed in my mind. She retreated. "You have a right to know where I have been in this clandestine manner." I hid my face with my hands, I was conscious she had been to see Huldebrand. She had been with him,

she would say no more. I threw myself at her feet, she turned away. "I can no longer even esteem you," were the last words she said, when she left me.

She went out several times in the course of next day; once I attempted to follow her. She perceived me at the door: "Filiberto," she said, "seek not to pursue my steps, I am but active in the cause of virtue. Retire and leave me. You must be aware of what hangs over your head. Would that heaven may grant I could avert it from my husband, my children's father." I was left in a state of mind that bordered upon phrenzy. I rushed out of the house, and turning my steps another way, I did not return towards my home till night. When I did return, I found every thing in the greatest confusion. There was a carriage with post-horses at the gate. The moment I approached, my valet came to me to tell me of my shame. Matilda had been seen leaving Milan, with a gentleman in

her company. I jumped into the carriage, and followed upon the road they were reported to have taken.

I did not speak during the whole time; I did not listen, though my servant, having entered with me, was telling me more of the circumstances. Night and day I travelled in pursuit. I seemed to be gaining on them. I at last overtook them just as I was entering a village in Savoy. They were upon the point of leaving it. I sprung out of my carriage, and with the speed of a demoniac I ran after them. In my furious haste, I fell. I did not attempt to rise, but instantly fired; my wife's shriek was heard: they, however, drove on. When my carriage with fresh horses overtook me, my servant tried to raise me, I had dislocated my ancle. Blood, my servant told me, could be traced upon the road, as if it had fallen from my wife's carriage. I could but look upon myself as Matilda's murderer, the shriek was her's. My

emotions and feelings were so violent and various it would be impossible to portray them. The demon's power was upon me, and his curse proved a bitter one.

I was conveyed home, where I was for a long time delirious; I became calm but not less miserable. My attendants then gave me a letter, which had been found upon my wife's dressing table, after my departure in chase of her. She was innocent, she had not fled with Huldebrand, but with her father. Huldebrand had upon that condition agreed to conceal my crime, my shame. She had left her home, her children; had sacrificed her own to shield my name from infamy. I did not at this intelligence relapse into the violent ravings I had undergone. I sunk into a state of apathy, whence nothing could rouse me. I refused even to see my children, and hardly ever leaving my chamber, I spent the night and day with short intervals to self-reproach in combat-

ing inflictions of the mind more dreadful than any corporeal penance of the holy anchorite.

Many years had thus passed, I had not once seen my children, nor even heard of them, for I would speak with no one. I at last saw them by accident. You know Olivieri's violent character. He had constantly enquired after me, always baffled by the servants in his wish of seeing me; he at last seized his opportunity, but Louisa had watched him, and they both appeared in my sight struggling with one another; for she was trying to hinder his disturbing me. If Matilda herself had stood before me she could not have affected me more; for Louisa, though her features are different, her eye dark, has the expression that gave such power to her mother's looks, playing upon her face. She at last, no longer capable of resisting her brother, threw herself at my feet, and earnestly begged me not to be offended with her dear Olivieri. I took her to my

arms. From that moment I was aroused. I could not leave my daughter, but gave up all my time to the education of my children; but I brought another curse upon my head, for I neglected Olivieri: except in his literary studies I did not assist him, his mind was allowed to be biassed by any one who chose to trouble themselves with acting upon him. Louisa on the contrary was my constant companion, she rewarded my care. You know her, if ever a wretch like me might have hope, it must be in the prayers such a being can offer up for me to the throne of heaven.

After some time I proposed journeying through the different countries of Europe, to show my children the different peculiarities of nations. We had already entered Switzerland when my son left me. I had been accustomed to his often quitting me for days together, and hardly noticed his departure. Louisa and myself proceeded to the different spots

remarkable for their beauty or sublimity. On the Wengern Alp we saw you. We soon after heard daily of the feats of Ernestus Berchtold and Olivieri. I don't know why, but the thought of the chamois hunter we had seen being this Ernestus, first struck my daughter, and I soon joined in the belief. A letter from Olivieri appointed Interlaken as the place of meeting; we went there. Events in which you were concerned brought us again to Milan.

The immense riches I had obtained from the spirit under my command, though much diminished, were yet more than sufficient to maintain us in sufficient splendour, not to fear any thing like a competition. But Olivieri and yourself were gamblers. Louisa forced me again to risk an infliction equally severe as the last, for your sake. I could not resist her prayers for you. I again called the spirit from his immortal haunts, and Olivieri's infamy was the consequence. Your debts had

proved so enormous, that in my attempt at saving him from an ignominious death, I was again obliged, though I knew the horrible powers of the demon, to call upon him. I did so. He announced to me that I had exhausted my spells, and that after this infliction, as nothing round me would remain, on which he could breathe his pestilential breath, he would no longer obey my summons. I called upon him to take back his gold, he laughed and left me. I had no suspicion of Olivieri's seduction of your sister; when therefore his letter was put into my hands, you may imagine how your noble conduct affected me. I did not speak of it, for what could a father say? Must I even acknowledge it to you, I sometimes rested upon it with a feeling of consolation, for I hoped, that crime of my son's might be the infliction upon his father, meant by the demon as passing all others. Louisa I thought might then be spared, and you two might at least be happy.

But you married; I dreamt of happiness, on Louisa's birth-day accompanied you to your room, and the demon's threat I found had indeed been fulfilled. Your mother's portrait was Matilda's. Olivieri had seduced, you married a daughter of Matilda, of Matilda's husband, and I was the murderer of her father.

THE END.

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